The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 176. WEEK ENDING MARCH 16TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

Are You Too Short to Seize The Golden Fruit of Opportunity?

Why You Want To Be Tall.

The tall man scores all along the line. He is listened to in business affairs; he always makes a good impression, and his opinions carry weight.

Opportunities are within his reach which are denied to the short man. The Army and the Police Forces, both at home and abroad, want none but tall men. The tall man always feels that whatever may happen to him he has these openings in reserve as a means of livelihood; the short man knows he cannot fall back upon them.

The tall man is a stronger and a healthier man than the short. He is better able to do the world's work, and to win success.

He is always more popular than the short man, both with men and women.

He has reason to be proud of himself, and is therefore a happier man.

How My System Gives You Height.

If you are under forty, my system of exercises will increase the thickness of all the cartilages of your spine, hips, knees and ankles. Each layer of cartilage will be only a trifle thicker, but the total will give you an increase in height of 3 INCHES.

This increase will take place within three months.

The time you will have to devote to my exercises is only ten minutes each morning and evening.

You will be stronger in every way, and healthier, for the increased size of the layers of cartilage will give more room to the nerves which radiate from the spinal column, and enable them to do their work better.

If you feel that three inches increase of height would be advantageous to you, write to me to-day, and I shall send you full particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, *SPECIALIST IN THE INCREASE OF HEIGHT*
(Dept. M.M.), 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

Readers' Sale and Exchange

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns: neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Mackintosh for sale. Good condition. 8s. New brown Sweater, 3s.—Lane, 26, Diamond Avenue, East Kirkley, Notts.

Another McKinley bargain! The new "Derby" mackintosh for winter wear. Made from special heavy-weight water-proof coating of excellent quality, and cut in latest style. Well worth 25s. Our price 18s. 6d., carriage paid. Ready for service, in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket), with remittance. Money returned if you are not satisfied.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

Patrol tent, 8ft. by 6ft., poles, pegs, guys, and mallets, sleep three, almost new, 15s. 6d.; 100 copies "Modern Man," 3s.; trouser press, to hang up, new, 3s.—Box 5008, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post-free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's Advertisement, page 722.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advertisement on front page.

Height-increasing apparatus; splendid results obtained.—Box 5009, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

If increased height appeals to you, don't hesitate, but send now for free particulars of the wonderful Vertebra method.—Futty, 69, Chiltern Street, Hull.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache within three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The only cure for Piles in existence. Cures speedily and permanently. Buer Mul-la and Powder has cured hundreds of the worst cases. Sample free for two stamps.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Grow a Moustache, Cultivate a Manly Appearance. "Grofast" is guaranteed to grow a moustache or beard on the smoothest face. Sample box, in plain wrapper, for sixpenny postal order, to Chas. Vivian, 15, Clayton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Valuable Recipe for falling or grey hair or baldness. Post free, 1s. 1d. Genuine and inexpensive. Results surprising.—Box 5010, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Weak eyes. How they may be strengthened by natural methods. Post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 5006, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Rheumatism. Full recipe, P.O. 1s.—Box 5007, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain cure for exhaustion, brain-fag, and all nervous disorders; recipe, P.O. 7d.—Box 5008, 21, Tudor Street, London.

Curly Hair.—Wavcurl imparts beautiful permanent curls however listless your hair. Hundreds of testimonials. Results certain. Send 1s. 1d. only.—Turrell and Bray, 22a, Barwick Street (Dept. 17), Scarborough.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Amusing Samples. Seven penny stamps. Funny novelties, smart puzzles.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Gramophone, £12 12s. 1911 Cabinet, Hornless, with records, £3 17s. 6d. Going to India.—Margery Fitzgerald, 19, Deanery Road, Stratford, Essex.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early. — Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Really good Columbia Gramophone, in case, with horn and recorder, also 140 records (cylinder).—Box 4666, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 724.

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COUPON for our 7th "CENTRES" COMPETITION

For particulars see page 711.

MY "CENTRE"

Name .....

Address .....

.....

..... *Cut Here* .....

The Modern Man

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CHEEK.

A query from Spaxton: Where has the Pig got?

* * *

After his having formally discarded Ruth Preece, the first of his "spiritual affinities," Piggot may be said to be Ruthless in more senses than one.

* * *

Elephants are to be seen on the Alhambra stage shortly. If they are to take part in a ballet they will, like the Coryphées, be duly equipped with trunks.

* * *

RECENT DIALOGUE AT WINDSOR.

Bystander (outside church): "Hooray!"

Another Bystander (ungrammatically): "Who are you cheering for?"

First Bystander: "Who? Ray!"

* * *

"There's no pleasure without pane," seems to be the suffragette's motto—with, of course, a distinct preference for the broken pane.

* * *

By the way, if those fair ladies cannot wear the trousers, they can sport Dorothy "bags," can't they?

* * *

An American agitator wants to bring about a law compelling everybody to sign his name every time he asks for a drink. If this idea were enforced in this country it would be a great chance to many an illiterate man to make his mark at the Bar.

* * *

A newspaper contents bill reads: "Mr. Winston Churchill Exposed." It would be interesting to know what Mrs. Churchill thinks about it.

* * *

Mems that Should be Dog's-Eared: No. 1—"Railway Services Cur-tailed." (Vide strike reports.)

* * *

It was only natural that the Navy should beat the Army at Queen's Club by 16 points to 8, because the sea-dogs know so much more about "tackle" than the sons of Mars.

* * *

Some nights ago several stage hands at His Majesty's Theatre "came out," and there was a strike. Previously the only instances of this kind have been when Sir Herbert Tree has made his great hits.

* * *

Jimmy Coffey, a Dublin boxer, who has just knocked out Alf. Benedict, the New Jersey champion, in the eighth round, is known as the "White Man's Hope." At any rate, boxing experts—and many others—are unanimous that Coffey is hot stuff.

* * *

Mr. George R. Sims has received a mysterious, threatening letter. I should fancy this would raise his hair even better than ——. But no, I'm not going to advertise it.

J. S. Cox.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

In his barrister days Sir Horace Avory, the judge, was once cross-examining a witness who grew extremely restive under the ordeal. At last, the unhappy man could stand it no longer.

"You'll be accusing me of murder next!" he bleated.

Avory took up a sheet of paper.

"Which murder do you mean?" he asked blandly. "I have got particulars here of four which you are believed to have committed."

WILKIE WAS BARRED.

Wilkie Bard was not always the success that he is now.

In his younger days he was engaged to appear at a small Yorkshire music-hall at a salary of 30s. a week—it was really a hall where free-and-easy concerts were given.

After his first song the proprietor came up to him.

"Hoo much has tha a week?" he asked.

"Thirty bob," answered Wilkie.

"Muther," shouted the Tyke, turning to his wife, "hoo much is six into thirty bob?"

Learning the amount, he turned to Wilkie and said: "Here, lad, is two half-crowns for tha. Noo push off."

And the Bard pushed off.

HIS AMBITION.

Madame Donalda, the Canadian prima donna, thinks that the neatest compliment she ever received was in the following circumstances:

Leaving Covent Garden one night, she felt very dissatisfied with her performance. Her husband, M. Seveilhac, met her at the stage-door and inquired how things had gone.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Madame Donalda, "I sang like the devil."

Then from the crowd waiting to see the artists depart came a voice:

"Well, madame," it said, "if you sang like the devil, I hope I shall go to hell!"

DUCKS IN DISTRESS.

What would Mr. R. G. Knowles, that always genuinely entertaining comedian, be without his white duck trousers?

Goodness only knows; but it is a question that he had once very seriously to ask himself.

He was appearing at the Tivoli, and arrived for a Saturday matinée to find that the famous ducks, which the laundress had promised to send in good time, were still in the clouds of the wash-tub.

His dresser fled to various neighbouring outfitters, but none had any ready-made ducks—only flannels, and R.G. in *flannel* trousers was unthinkable. Eureka! Make a pair of ducks. That was the solution.

A large tablecloth was purchased from a restaurant and R. G. set feverishly to work.

He had a minute to spare when the last stitch had been jabbed, and was triumphantly pulling on his "creation" when—the washing came home.

MIGHTY ROUGH.

When Bret Harte was living in London he made the acquaintance, among others, of Mr. R. C. Carton, the dramatist, and they became friendly. One day, discussing Bret Harte's experiences, Mr. Carton hazarded the suggestion that for literary purposes Harte had to exaggerate Californian life.

"No," said Harte; "on the contrary, I have to tone it down," and then he told this true story:

A "tenderfoot" was having a drink in a Western bar, when in came a cowboy.

"Say," said the latter to the stranger, "what will you take?"

"Nothing, thanks. I've got a drink here."

"Put it away. You're going to have a drink with me," said the cowboy.

"No, thanks. I really don't want another drink," said the tenderfoot.

"Waal," said the cowboy, "I guess it's mighty rough on me that I can't take a drink without having to kill a man," and with that he pulled his gun and shot the other dead.

And in those days, if there had been an inquest, the verdict would have been: "Serve him right," otherwise "Justifiable homicide."

A CANINE SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH.

As I am possessed of a bull-terrier by champion Sam Lavender, it will be no cause for wonder to doggy men that I am as much envied in the village for my dog-flesh as is the local poacher. Unlike many of us, my dog is worthy of his breeding.

A fine fighter when there is need for it, a grand house-dog with a fearsome bark, and yet withal as thorough a gentleman as the rector himself on all State occasions, there have been as many plots afoot for stealing this Pikanik of mine as were ever hatched for gaining surreptitious possession of any great family's diamonds. All is fair in love and the dog fancy, but I am a friend of the village in general, and thus, when it comes to the point, the best laid schemes go agley on the objection that I am not fair game.

Yet, the hero of some escapades and the villain of many, both his good points and his bad ones are almost as naught in my house to-day.

And the reason is that his son has supplanted him.

Pikanik was borrowed and installed into his present proud position by stealth by one Cripps, our village dog-sharp. But Cripps was so proud of the six puppies in his bitch's litter that he could not resist sending for me to inspect it.

How true it is that the bull stamps the herd! There was a Pikanik in every pup of that eight-week-old litter.

I was not unkind to Cripps.

I turned to Pikanik and said, "My boy, it seems to me that there are no less than six just claims for rebate off your income-tax."

Cripps is a politician. Cripps knows that Mr. Lloyd George allows so much off your income-tax aggregate for each of your family.

"Sir," he said, unblushingly avoiding any contest of the point, "it's a little surprise for you, I'd set. You shall have your pick of the litter here and now."

Pikanik already had by far the nicest-looking youngster playfully by the ear.

"He'll do," I said.

And that is how I got my Mr. Martin.

Martin is the name of our good rector. I met him on the road when I was carrying the pup home.

"You are an expert in names," said I. "What shall I call this little chap?"

"Call him after me for luck," said the rector, and patted him on the head.

So Martin he is—virtually god-fathered by the representative of the Church in King's Norton!

Like all babies of perception, he howled for a good two hours after his christening.

"Poor little thing," said kindly Mrs. Hayes, my housekeeper. "He can't a-bear coming away from his brothers."

"Mrs. Hayes," said I, "it was the rector's face. You will remember how it affected your latest grandchild."

At such levity it was only fitting that Mrs. Hayes should bounce out of the room. But she gave me a parting shot.

"There's one thing sure," said she. "He'll be a lot more trouble than any babe."

"He represents merely the stud fee," I said loftily. "I shall sell him for a sovereign. You don't understand business, Mrs. Hayes."

Mrs. Hayes, I saw in her china-blue eyes, was going to reply with something cutting.

"You need not say you wouldn't give a shilling for such a mite," I remarked, anticipating her. "In my opinion, you never understood the value of dogs. One does not buy them by the pound."

"But there's one thing I do understand," came from behind the door, "and you will see that I shall have my say at the finish, sir."

I wasted no moments doubting that. I had none to waste.

Mr. Martin, temporarily quiet, had to be propitiated with an old cushion inside a large egg-box.

However, he had no intention of sleeping. He made one clamber up the side of the box, and presently managed to fall out on his head. Having enjoyed this slight diversion, he galloped off to see, presumably, how it felt to be burnt.

Before I could leap across the room and save him he had drawn his nose from the bars several millionths of a second quicker than a heliograph wink. He yelped, turned completely round, and slightly singed his tail.

That finished the fire. He did not care for this new thing—pain—knowing not that dogs and men have all to encounter it by way of payment for admission into the world.

"Woof!" said Pikanik from outside the closed door. He sniffed along the threshold wild-beast wise.

There was an altercation outside.

"But will you bite your son?" said Mrs. Hayes. "Are you a jealous dog?"

"Woof!" said Pikanik, in non-committal fashion.

I felt, weakly, that I must strike for my old retainer.

"Of course he won't. Do you think he would be so—so uncanine—as to go for his own flesh and blood?"

"Do you think he knows?" said Mrs. Hayes.

"Let him in," I said, firmly. But I felt that Pikanik was only a dog, and that he considered himself very much my dog.

"Well, after all, it won't matter," said Mrs. Hayes, in level tones. "You only look on the pup as representing the stud fee, do you? In you go, Pikanik."

And the absurdly huge Pikanik came in with wagging tail, making straight for Mr. Martin, who was perhaps half the size of his head.

"There!" said I to Mrs. Hayes.

But I found I was entertaining Cassandra, specialising in prophecies of evil.

"Dogs, when they are jealous, are as treacherous as a cart-load of monkeys," said Mrs. Hayes. "You must watch him."

I watched him for ten minutes.

Then, because, deep-rooted, I had first regard for my old friend, I rescued him from the furious onslaughts of his son.

Mr. Martin, growling, snarling, and throwing his full weight against his father (true, it was as a small shadow against a mighty rock), was well on the way to patricidomania, when I clutched Pikanik away. Mr. Martin spent minutes with his forefeet in his father's mouth, biting the tender, loose flesh of his cheeks with his little needle-teeth. Then, yapping out a blood-curdling challenge, he resumed on Pikanik's venerable whiskers.

There was a double rap on the outer door just as the tornado subsided.

Mrs. Hayes entered, all smiles.

The squire's son, hearing that I had a pup of Pikanik's, had come to buy him. Was I not pleased?

For a half hour we talked about the land and the agricultural prospects. We made a serious inroad upon my cask of beer.

True, I did most of the talking; true, the squire's son did not keep to the point as I should have wished.

Sometimes he said, "I agree with you. Well, I'll give you twenty-five bob for the pup."

At others he said, "Agriculture, as you say, is not what it was. I'll make it one-pound-ten."

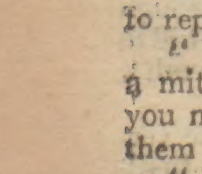
And, finally, "Though the harvest was good, the bad weather last year put the balance of the stock-rearing account on the wrong side. Look here, I've taken a fancy to the little man; I'll spring two quid.

When I had bowed him out, still rambling on about the two bits of gold he wished to give me in exchange for the two nicest forelegs, the best eyes, the smartest ears, the most wonderful tail that ever bull-terrier had in miniature, Mrs. Hayes came in to score off me.

"I told you there was one thing I understood," said she, "and it's not your precious business principles either."

"Well?" I groaned.

"Why, dearie me, I understand you," said she, "you being so very simple to read."



BOTTOMLEY GIVES IN.

LATEST AND FINAL NEWS OF OUR LITIGATION.

THE CASE AGAINST US ABANDONED.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the troublesome itigation in which we have been involved with Horatio ottomley, M.P., and "John Bull," Limited has terminated n a complete victory for us, this notorious litigant and his ompany having discontinued their action. This simply eans that they could not come into a court of law to disprove he assertions which we made concerning them.

The history of this case is worth recapitulating in brief, s it illustrates the extraordinary anomaly in our law, of a erson whose conduct has been called in question being ble to silence criticism by the simple process of issuing a rit.

The career of Horatio Bottomley is now fairly well nown to the public, recent judgments showing that he has een guilty of misfeasance and fraudulent misrepresentation; but n January 14, 1911, when our first article appeared con- rning him, few people knew the secret history of this erson.

That article we entitled "Warning to Horatio Bottom- y," and in it we pointed to his bad taste in libelling Miss nollys, the daughter of the late King's secretary, and in belling Mr. George Cadbury and other people of standing.

Our next article was entitled "Bottomley's Latest love," in which we dealt with his financial jugglery in nnection with the acquirement by his company of Lotinga's Weekly," and in which we also touched upon e payment of dividends to the shareholders in "John ull," Limited. Further, at the end of that article, we inted this paragraph:

"Another matter has recently been brought to our notice, d that is the payment of the money so generously sub- ribed by readers of 'John Bull' for the benefit of people hose misfortunes are related in a series of paragraphs titled 'Human Documents.'

"Each week a list is printed detailing the contributions at have been sent by readers for the benefit of these poor ople.

"We desire to hear from them, and to know whether e money reaches them quite safely, and after what lapse time."

Immediately upon the publication of that article Bottom- y applied to the Judge in Chambers for leave to prosecute criminally for libel.

The real object in attempting to institute criminal pro- edings was, of course, to enable Bottomley to escape being rced into the witness-box. This point was made very clear by our counsel, Mr. H. A. McCardie; and the Judge in Chambers, Mr. Justice Horridge said that the proper course was for Bottomley to institute civil proceedings to obtain any satisfaction that might be due to him, and his application was dismissed.

Within a day or two after this judgment we published a further article entitled "Why Does Bottomley Attack Advertisers?"

Immediately upon the publication of that article Bottomley obtained a rule nisi, calling upon our editor and upon the managing director of the company which publishes this paper for us to show cause why they should not be committed to prison for contempt of court. As most people are aware, it is, of course, contempt of court for a paper to comment upon a case which is *sub judice*, and any person can place a case *sub judice* by the simple process of issuing a writ.

Our appearance on April 5, 1911, before the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Bray, and Mr. Justice Bankes will be remembered. There again we were successful, and the rule was dismissed.

From that time onwards the case hung fire.

We were most anxious that the matter should be dealt with, and the plaintiffs have always asserted that they were only too eager to bring the case before a jury. They took no steps to do so, however, and, after patiently waiting for many months, we applied, on December 19, 1911, to have the case dismissed for lack of prosecution, and Master Day ruled that this should be done unless the plaintiffs set it down for trial within seven days.

On the last day they set it down, and from then onwards we have been daily expecting it to take place.

Now, however, we receive intimation from Bottomley's and "John Bull's" solicitors that they have discontinued the action.

In plain English, this means that the plaintiffs have kept us silent, by means of the law concerning contempt of court, through sheer bluff.

We were perfectly prepared to prove every assertion that we made regarding Bottomley and his company, but the most convincing evidence of all is the fact that they have scuttled as soon as the time arrived for the action which they themselves professed to be so eager to bring into court.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A BLACKGUARD HERO

By ROBERT OVERTON.

Some men are good; some men are bad; most men are mixtures.

I quite admit that this three-fold classification is open to the correction that all men are mixtures. So they are; but if I stop to philosophise I can't get on with my story, and as the first proposition is as sound in one sense as the second is in another, let it stand.

Taking, then, my divisional grading as agreed to; Richard Podwick, Private No. 11,134, 1st Batt. Blankshire Regiment, was one of the majority—a mixture. But in his case there is this peculiarity—the bad that was in him was spread out practically all through his life; the good that was in him only came out at the end—in a lump. It was a big lump, though, when it did come.

As a child he disgraced his parents; as a youth he disgraced the low locality in which he lived and lurched after he had been turned out of home; as a young man he did things that disgraced his manhood; enlisting, he disgraced his regiment; and from beginning up to the end this blackguard consistently disgraced himself. But not *at* the end, not by the end. No, no—for then he did something that in my opinion redeemed his past; something that glorified the uniform he died in; something that took his soul into the shining company of hero-souls.

After this preamble, our sketch of the brief career of Richard Podwick may begin with his taking (and immediate liquidation) of the Queen's shilling.

The companies of the gallant Blankshires were marching through Stratford, and there was the usual turn-out to see them pass. Spick and span in their scarlet, the sun shimmering on their bright accoutrements, moving all with swinging stride to the music of their band, they were a goodly sight, and one at which many a dull eye lit up, many a slow pulse beat faster.

But it didn't stir Dick Podwick like that at all. To him the glow and glitter, the rhythmic movement, the piping of the fifes and the throbbing of the drums, the majesty of the Colours and the signification of the guardian steel around them, were nothing. True, he followed the soldiers with the rest of a slovenly crowd, mainly composed of the well-known Messrs. Tagrag and Bobtail, and their like; but that was only because he had recognised in the ranks a man he used to know, and thought that if a halt were called he might get the price of a drink out of him.

He had to follow up the troops a long way before he had a chance of talking to this man he used to know, but it came at last—and from it came a great deal besides the desiderated refreshment. For the regiment was recruiting, and Dick was physically fit, and the sergeant of his friend's company noticed him, and invited him to have another.

He listened patiently to the usual fairy tale, because he had a hope there might be more wets hanging to it to wash it down; but, to do justice to his common sense, he didn't believe much of it all, and what little he did believe didn't influence him. Glory, excitement, change, easy times, pension, patriotism—all references to these things failed to interest him.

He had only two thoughts in his mind in going on to Warley and joining with the other recruits. One thought was of the present—as far as he could see, he needn't go to bed sober: the other was of the near future—if he didn't like being a soldier, he could desert.

Had he had a shilling in his pocket he would certainly—had he had sixpence there he would probably—had he had twopence he would possibly—never have become Private No. 11,134. But he hadn't a single copper; everybody was sick of his cadging and sponging. So desperate had his plight become that Work stared him in the face!

As he had feared, however, this grim spectre of Work followed him into barracks, where it materialised, and took it out of him in drill, sentry-go, and compulsory exercise. His list of offences grew longer and longer, and extra Work was often the punishment for them. When he capped all his previous military misdeeds and shortcomings by the military crime of desertion, he covered up his tracks with so much craft and cunning that he retained his freedom for several months, and would most likely have remained at large if he hadn't given himself up in a fit of temporary insanity, superinduced by alcoholic stimulation.

He'd got himself into a little trouble—"three weeks with"—and on coming out of quod a perfectly delightful old lady, who interested herself in the welfare of discharged prisoners, gave him some money for his support while he was looking for an honest job. He never found that job, but he got as close to it as the pub. nearest the gaol, where he stayed until he was ejected.

He was so hurt and upset at being refused further refreshment at other pubs. that he passed in rapid stages from indignation to despair. Succeeding presently in getting a few more drinks, he became worse than ever, and, in a state or maudlin emotion, approached a sturdy policeman on point duty, around whose neck he flung his arms—clinging closely, and weeping copiously on the constable's blue bosom.

"Offisher," he sobbed, "call a cab, and tell the man to drive me t' Warley Barracksh—Blanketshire Resh'ment. They all love me at Warley Barracksh. Offisher, idolise me. I'm their only joy—the pride of the mesh," he explained. "The men refuse their food till I go back. I'm a losht sheep. Abshent without leave five months. Take me to the Resh'ment."

"Deserter, eh?" said the policeman, as he succeeded in disentangling himself and got in a safe grip.

"You've hit it," Dick acquiesced, and warbled "Back to the Harmee Again" all the way to the station.

He did go "back to the Army again," and the escort who took him back were ashamed of their job and their prisoner.

There's nothing more to chronicle till soon afterwards the regiment was ordered abroad on active service.

The war was one of our "usuals" against an uncivilised enemy, and before long we made one of our "usuals" in the way of mistakes. Our forces were weakened by division. From one isolated encampment a reconnoitring party was sent out in considerable strength, and cut to pieces. They, the wily savages who had ambushed and "eaten them up," marched on to the camp and attacked it by night. Surprised again—the old, old story—depleted in numbers, the white warriors were slaughtered like sheep. The fight they put up will never be forgotten, but the morning light saw the enemy in full possession.

With piles of their dead foes around them, in the midst of overturned wagons and guns, lay at one corner of the great lager—Dick Podwick's Regiment, all left for dead. But with the dead were dying—not many.

The Colonel lay crushed and broken beneath a heavy wheel. A sudden movement behind him aroused him to wakefulness. He tried to stretch his hand to clutch the broken sword that had fallen from it hours ago, but could not stir.

"At least I will look my death in the face," he thought, and raised his eyes to see before him, not the victory-flushed savage he had expected, but a wounded English soldier, who had crawled from a bush hard by. Blood was dripping from him as he seized the gun-wheel which was pressing on the Colonel's body, and, with an agonised effort, lifted it off.

Then he said, "Where is the Regiment, sir?"

The Colonel tried to point to where, on every side, lay dead and wounded men, singly, doubly, in scores, in heaps, as he replied: "Here! But lie down, my man, lie down. They'll kill you if they see you standing."

Richard Podwick looked piteously around him—on the Regiment: but only for moments, for the Colonel was speaking to him again—brokenly, but very, very earnestly.

"Away on those hills before us the General is marching to join this camp. He won't know . . . what has happened . . . he'll come up unprepared . . . perhaps not in force . . . he'll be cut to pieces. Are you wounded badly?"

"Yus, sir."

The answer came from the ground. Weak from loss of blood, exhausted by the pain of a lacerated leg, Richard Podwick had fallen.

"Then crawl about. Try to find a man . . . who isn't dead . . . and not wounded. Tell him . . . to watch his chance, and break away. Order him to get over the mountain . . . and straight on . . . meet the General, and tell

him . . . *the camp's in the hands of the enemy.*" Dick rose—somehow.

"I'm done in, sir," he said, "but I'll go myself"—adding under his breath, by way of emphasis, a horrible invocation.

He found a horse waiting quietly by a rider who would never mount again. He got across and rode off. Perceived, a shower of assegais hurtled round him. By one he was struck. Gripping it, he used it to urge his horse to its utmost speed. On out of the camp, over that high hill, straight on to where the General was marching. As by a miracle, he cleared the last vestige of the wrecked lager and turned up the mountain side. And then, all his pursuers left at last behind, on, on, on—straight on.

On the other side of the hills the General's troops had halted, and a number of glasses were levelled across the stretch of country as that hurrying horseman came into view—and then nearer and nearer, and nearer yet.

In the middle of a group apart was the General, and it was almost at his feet that the horse fell, and as its rider fell with it he cried: "The camp is in the 'ands of the enemy, sir!"

When the General reached that camp, the Zulus had fronted it with white tents again, and donned the red tunics of their dead enemies—so that to the other white soldiers whom they knew were coming it might appear at a distance that it was still in the hands of the whites. But the General reached it forewarned and prepared.

They carried in Private 11,134 very gently, and a doctor knelt by his side in the tent and ministered to him very quietly and tenderly, and quite uselessly. The wound of the poisoned assegai would have been enough, even if his number hadn't been going up before he received it.

An ex-officer of his own company, now on the Headquarter Staff, was in the tent with the doctor, and Dick beckoned him to come close.

"Sir"—the officer had to lower his head to catch the words—"I want to tell you where the Regiment's gone. The Regiment's gone to blazes."

Dying men sometimes try to rise and stand. Richard Podwick did so, and succeeded, but he was quite dead when they picked him up. It was on his feet, though, that he said: "I'm going to join the b—— Regiment!"

"The proper study of mankind is man." Quite so. But with all your study, what can you make of a man who lives a blackguard and dies a hero?

7th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION

A Bicycle for the Best.

TEN HALF-CROWN CONSOLATION PRIZES.

We have pleasure in offering another bicycle for the best "Centre," and ten half-crown consolation prizes for those which come next in merit.

The phrase from which you must form your "Centre" is "Suffragette Tactics."

If you examine these words, you will find that the centre letters are "A" and "T" respectively. Now, we want you to form a phrase of two words beginning with "A" and "T" respectively, and bearing some relation in meaning to the phrase given.

The two words may be humorous, serious, or pathetic, whichever you like. For example, your "Centre" might be "Always Troublesome," but don't use that one, for it is only an example. If you prefer it, the first word may begin with "T" and the second with "A."

Write your "Centre" on the coupon for our 7th "Centres" Competition appearing on page 706, and forward it to "7th Centre," THE MODERN MAN Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, to reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday, March 19. The result will appear in our issue published on Monday, March 25.

Send as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon, and must be accompanied by a penny stamp. If you send two attempts, enclose two stamps; if you send three attempts, enclose three stamps, and so on.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding this Competition.

The Editor's decision is final and binding in every respect, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

5th 'CENTRES' COMPETITION RESULT

The phrase set in our fifth "Centres" Competition was "Anglers' Stories." For his phrase "Larders Refute," the bicycle goes to Mr. A. P. Ogilvie, Telegraphs, General Post Office, Edinburgh.

Consolation prizes, of half-a-crown each have been sent to those whose "Centres" came next in merit: Messrs. E. Stathard, 462, Walker Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; R. N. Knight, Balmoral Road, Morecambe; A. Dickson, Oakley, Renton, Dumbartonshire; F. Davies, 31, Goodhead Street, Nottingham; J. A. Smith, 79, Scott Street, Garnethill, Glasgow; F. Ward, 53, Birkhall Road, Catford, S.E.; P. Corr, 52, Richardson Street, Ravenhill Road, Belfast; F. W. Keeps, "Woodfield," Cam, nr. Dursley, Glos.; F. H. Carlyon, 7, Albany Road, Harborne, Birmingham; A. Colley, 52, Arthur Street, St. George's Road, Hull.

£10 A Year on Clothes

HOW SHOULD A MAN LAY IT OUT TO BEST ADVANTAGE?

Almost every tailor nowadays dins it into us through the medium of forcefully written (and illustrated) advertisements that—whether it is right or not—the world *does* judge you by your clothes. Consequently almost all of us are concerned to dress as well as we can on our income. It does not, perhaps, come quite into line with the subject in hand, how big a proportion of our income we should devote to clothes, but we may fittingly enough put it down at about one-eighth.

Thus, say a man is earning about 30s. a week, well, calling this, roughly, £80 a year, we will allow him £10 to spend on clothes. How should he get the most out of it? It is not a very generous allowance.

BARE NECESSITIES.

First of all, what does he need? Say one strong winter suit, one lighter ditto, which can, at a pinch, be worn in the summer, a couple of flannel suits, three or four pairs of boots and shoes, a bowler, a straw, and a soft hat, a cap, and some underwear are his chief requirements.

Let us get at those suits first of all. It is a moot point whether it is advisable to give a small or a big price for a suit. In the first case, you need a new one every year; and in the second, the drawback is that the larger sum is a strain on the finances. Some tailors offer made-to-measure suits as cheap as £1, and the majority charge about £3 3s. But I know from experience that if you go to the right place you can get a good, lasting tweed for £1 15s. and a good flannel suit for £1 5s.

SUITS, THE HEAVIEST ITEMS.

	£	s.	d.
1 heavy winter suit	1	15	0
1 lighter winter suit (blue serge)	1	10	0
2 flannel suits at 25s.	2	10	0
Total	£5	15	0

This leaves us £4 5s. for other things; and as we have made a big hole in our tenner, it behoves us to be careful. Boots, shirts, and hats should be our next thought. One strong pair of black boots for winter, one lighter pair for fine weather, and a pair of shoes for the summer will be about all we need. As regards hats, we want one of each kind enumerated above, and about three warm winter shirts, and the same number of lighter ones for the summer.

BOOTS, HATS, AND SHIRTS

	£	s.	d.
One pair strong boots	0	10	6
One pair lighter	0	6	11
Summer shoes	0	6	11
Three hats at average of 2s. 6d. each	0	7	6
Three winter shirts	0	10	6
Three summer shirts	0	6	0
Total	£2	8	4

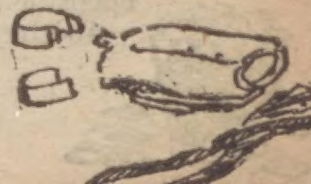
Deducting this from our balance in hand of £4 5s., we have £1 16s. 8d. left. What we have got to do with this is to get an overcoat (which, however, we shall not need to buy every year), collars, vests and pants, and ties.

If we go to a good man we can get quite a well-made warm coat for £1. We really need a lighter one, but we must wait till next year, and get either a light dust-coat or a mackintosh. Then we shall have two which, with care, will last us for a long time.

	£	s.	d.
Overcoat	1	0	0
One doz. collars (½ single, ½ double)	0	6	0
Vests, pants, and a tie or two	0	10	0
	£1	16	0

This leaves us eightpence in hand—which we may either expend, as we please, say on a pair of sleeve-links, or a well-earned drink when our shopping is over.

T. Harper.



SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

9.—SWINDLING A SWINDLER.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

The proposition can be formulated in the simplest and briefest of terms, thus:

John Square Eppinax ran a bucket-shop. Everybody who runs a bucket-shop is a swindler. Therefore John Square Eppinax was a swindler. Q.E.D.

"John Square Eppinax" was an excellent name in which to run a bucket-shop—probably a discreetly-chosen name, for I don't suppose it was his own. There's a lot of "character" in names, quite apart from the fact that some come trippingly from the tongue and some don't. Some seem to ring true and others to ring false—like coins. There's something in the sound of the former that invites confidence, and almost compels it; while the latter, by their negative quality, at the best leave the mind unimpressed, and at the worst impress it unfavourably, provoking suspicion and suggesting caution.

SQUARE ALL ROUND.

Whether you hear it or look at it, this name of John Square Eppinax is a good instance of value in nomenclature, and by always signing "Square" in full and abbreviating "John" to "J.," the man who traded in it increased its value, establishing the familiarity of "Square Eppinax"—and "Square Eppinax" is positively alluring. It sounds and looks like a synonym for honesty, and the cumulative effect of the three words of the full designation, taken together, is almost as convincing in its suggestion of financial solidity.

With his swagger name, swagger offices, and swagger advertisements, Square Eppinax was doing a swagger business. Of course, he set his traps with the same old bait for the same flats, but in some respects he improved on the methods of competitive flat-catchers, proving himself the ablest liar of them all. By giving his victims a longer run than usual he got more out of them in the end.

FEEDING HIS PIGEONS.

Into the organisation of the more daring of his "pools" and "syndicates" he put a touch of originality that was especially enticing. In order more easily and certainly to impoverish thousands, he deliberately enriched hundreds for as many weeks or months as suited his book—he could always refer to scores of "gratified clients." As for his advertisements, you couldn't get away from 'em: whatever papers you picked up, there they were.

Of course, a smash was bound to come—that was in the nature of the game, and obviously he was playing for it all the time; but in the meanwhile he was doing himself splendidly. Wider and wider he spread his net till it covered the whole country. The mails from everywhere brought him cheques, money orders, postal orders, and coin in daily prodigality. Practically everything was done by correspondence—scores of clerks did nothing but copy circulars and address envelopes.

HIS DAILY MAIL.

Having occasion to catch an early train one morning from Liverpool Street, and passing his offices en route, I happened to witness the arrival—and lingered to watch the delivery—of his first batch of letters for the day. And what a batch it was!

All that I have mentioned about J.S.E. and his business I had heard before—and a good deal more—partly as the result of inquiry, for I had had vague thoughts from time to time of running a similar swindle myself. But I never fully realised the interest attaching to his operations until I saw those letters taken in. They made my mouth water. They brought back those old vague thoughts, and this time a definite idea came out on top of them—a new and different idea, an idea more to my taste than that of starting an opposition bucket-shop.

Anything like a continuous swindle always did fail to attract me. I hated monotony. Daily attendance at an office, for months on end, would have bored me to death. I would almost as soon have earned an honest living as go regularly to town to make a dishonest one. I could be patient and painstaking while maturing a "coup," but must always have a distinct "coup" distinctly in view.

And what a beauty took shape ahead of me now—one by which the hard work, enterprise, and genius of Square Eppinax would all be made to serve my ends and fill my pockets, which had been empty far too long. Instead of practising on fools I would practise on the fooler of fools. Whereas Eppinax was defrauding many every day, I was going to defraud one on one day—and that one Eppinax himself. At a single glorious haul I would rob a robber of some of his spoils. At a solitary swoop I would get my claws into a bird of prey. A swindler should swindle a swindler. There was more than irony in the thing—there was positive humour.

ACCOMPLISHED WITHOUT ACCOMPLICES.

The first question to be settled was whether I should corrupt one of the clerks in the office or get into the office as a clerk myself. A list of names had to be obtained somehow. It didn't take me long to decide on the latter course. I could do far better for myself inside than anybody already there could do for me as an outsider, and, besides this, it was a matter of rule and principle with me to pull off my swindles without either accomplices or even instruments other than involuntary ones.

But a man like J. Square Eppinax would be difficult to get at in person when the object of the other person was to apply for a situation, and if I were to succeed in seeing him he would be almost sure to say he didn't want anybody, while behind the contrary event lurked the probability that references would be asked for. As for the second of these three contingencies, I could minimise the chances against me by the same precautionary artifice by means of which I could make sure of a personal interview and give myself the best of characters before it came off.

OVER THE WIRE.

The unfortunate man whom I intended to make my employer was in the habit of publishing specimens of his "testimonial letters" from "gratified clients," and among these specimens I noted a glowing puff signed by a Mr. Roger Bannerton, of Cudlif Park, Carlisle. It appeared to me that Roger would do as well as anybody else for me to impersonate in the telephone-box when I rang up Square Eppinax. Such as they were, I fully appreciated the risks I ran, but reckoned they didn't amount to much. If Eppinax detected me as an imposter at all, he'd do so at the beginning of the talk, and in that case I should be warned in time.

I got through at once, but there was only a clerk at the other end of the wire.

"What name do you say?" he inquired.

"Roger Bannerton. I must speak to Mr. Eppinax himself. Is he in?"

"Hold on, please," and in a few moments another voice took up the conversation.

PERSONAL INTRODUCTION.

"Hulloa! Are you Mr. Roger Bannerton?"

"Yes."

"Himself?"

"Yes. I've been in town for a couple of days. Sorry I couldn't call. I'm just returning to Carlisle—speaking from Euston Station. Are you Mr. Eppinax in person?"

"I am. What can we do for you?"

On this I fired away, explaining that I was interested in a Mr. Camp, an old acquaintance whom I'd run against yesterday, when he appealed to me to help him obtain a situation. He'd been in London for some months seeking employment. I knew him well, and could thoroughly recommend him. Had Mr. Eppinax an opening for a smart, steady, honest, reliable clerk? Well, on a growing staff like theirs, was the reply, room could generally be found for a good worker, and the speaker would naturally like to oblige me if he could. A few questions were asked and readily answered, and then, might I let Mr. Camp know that he was at liberty to call? Thanks very much. I'd send him a wire before my train left. Would eleven o'clock next morning do? All right, then.

The bucket-shop offices were a magnificent suite of rooms a stone's throw from the Bank. I entered them with the utmost confidence, dreaming nothing of the startling surprise

store for me. Of course, I might be found out very soon after obtaining the engagement I was about to arrange for, but even a few days would suffice for my purpose.

"Mr. Camp? Oh, yes—the Governor will see you at once"—and I was shown through to his private room, finding myself bowing to a man of only about my own age, who looked at me very keenly and listened to me rather impatiently as I told my little fairy tale, in which the name of Mr. Roger Bannerton naturally figured prominently.

The moment I paused I received the startler I have just referred to. It came in two shocks.

"You've tried on a smart dodge, Camp, and I don't want to cross-question you about it. I played up to you yesterday, and feel interested in meeting you."

"A smart dodge, sir!" I ejaculated, picking up my hat in readiness to bolt.

A CAMP SURPRISED.

"Yes. There was only one Roger Bannerton, and he died six months ago. Come back," for shock number one had sent me to the door. Shock number two followed hard on shock the first. "You can go outside and hang up your hat. I'll talk to you later on, but you may consider yourself engaged. I can do very well with a really gifted and peerless liar like you. I'm not in the least afraid to take you on, for while I can't protect myself against a fool, I flatter myself I can always do so against a rogue."

He did, indeed, flatter himself, as he discovered in due course. He had played right into my hands. I was able to do well and leisurely what I had expected to have to do far less thoroughly and in haste. From his voluminous address-books I had time to pick and choose the names of hundreds of his best clients. I was even able, in preparing to communicate with these, to use his own stamped envelopes, and the time of his junior clerks in directing them. I took them away in nightly lots, in the little black bag I carried with me to the office. The only expense I incurred was in the printing of the brief, carefully prepared circular that was to go inside each envelope.

EXPANDING HIS BUSINESS.

This was after I had taken a small office in Piccadilly Circus, on the door of which "J. S. Eppinax" was painted by my orders the day before I posted the circulars. I chose that day of the posting prudently and deliberately. It synchronised with the booming of a special swindle from the genuine office, in which every speculator was guaranteed a fabulous profit.

My own circulars, of course, I posted from Piccadilly. They announced the establishment "at the above address" of a West-End branch of my ever-growing business. Although I should remain in the closest touch with my City offices—and the Stock Exchange—my personal daily attendance would be at the Piccadilly Circus establishment, which old clients might find of quicker convenience for direct communication and consultation with me. A polite assurance of my anxiety to be of service at any time preceded the printed signature, "J. Square Eppinax."

That was all, except for a postscript of a few words in my own handwriting, warning each recipient to lose no time if he wanted to participate in the colossal profits of my great new "deal." This postscript I signed with initials, "per pro."

THE WEEK'S WORK.

How much bigger my idea was in development than in conception you can gather from the fact that I kept the game up for a week. Immediate detection was practically impossible, and for the first three days of that week I actually attended at the City offices. It was there that the first breath of danger might blow, and it was safer to be where I could catch it. For the rest of the week I was on sick leave, for I needed every minute to clear things up.

The letters I diverted to Piccadilly Circus were not all fruitful, but most of them were. In one form or another, about ten out of twelve contained money. "Inquiries" I didn't answer. Not one of even the crossed cheques was wasted, for with the first lot of them I positively opened an account at the Piccadilly branch of a big bank—of course, as the payee.

Just how much I swindled that swindler Eppinax out of I don't remember, but whatever it was I am sometimes dispressed to think that possibly I might have done him down for more without his discovering that he had a flourishing West-End sub-office.

[*Another of these revelations will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

SPORTING DISAPPOINTMENTS

HOW A MAN FEELS WHEN HIS ANTICIPATED ENJOYMENT IS DENIED HIM.

I have just had one. A long day's sea-fishing arranged for. Start 7 a.m. Row for about an hour to the happy fishing grounds, where ten to fifteen-pound cod are to be taken on the slack of the tide. Finished with the cod, half an hour's pulling to the haunts of the big plaice, and then settle down for the rest of the day.

Some four hundred worms dug overnight. Some scores of mussels opened. About half a hundredweight of sandwiches cut. A few dozen eggs boiled hard. Half a gallon of beer ordered in. And all for nothing. Too rough—anyway, for laying-to in the open sea.

ADVANTAGES OF A FAMILY.

The irritating part of it is that at 5.30 a.m. it was about even money on fishing being possible, and so the sandwich-cutting and the mussel-opening had to go on. About five bobs'-worth of bait wasted, though, fortunately, as a family man, the sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs will not be.

It is not, however, the loss of a shilling or two that matters. One feels at a loose end, unsettled for the rest of the day; disinclined to do anything except loaf and grouse.

However, the sea-angler must be prepared for more disappointments than his fresh-water brother. The latter, of course, may get unsuitable weather, blazing sun or thunder, but he can go and flog the water. Why don't I go and fish off the pier? Thank you, I've had some. I tried it a few days ago. I fished for six solid hours and caught one finger, which I think is going to mortify, and one dab about the size of a five-shilling piece.

I hope I don't fish solely for the sake of a big catch, but sea-angling is not like fresh-water fly-fishing. At the latter, even when you catch nothing you can take pleasure in practising casting.

BLAME THE WEATHER.

However, it was not my intention to draw comparisons between sea and fresh-water fishing, but to chirrup a little about sporting disappointments.

We have all had 'em. The weather, of course, is the most fertile cause. Frost keeps the hunting or Rugby man fooling about the house. It takes a good deal to stop the Soccer man, but fog effectually puts the kybosh on him.

It is peculiarly disappointing when you have made an individual match, say, at billiards, and at the last moment something prevents your opponent from turning up.

Even if it is a tournament tie, and your man scratches, giving you a walk-over, that is no real compensation. You had keyed yourself up for the match. You had thought out your plan of campaign, and had visions of doing wonderful things. Then you get to the appointed place, only to find a frantically apologetic wire from your adversary. You know it isn't his fault, but it leaves a feeling of blankness. The salt has gone out of your evening's amusement.

OFF YOUR STROKE.

By the way, here's a tip: in such circumstances don't be lured into playing your next tie should your next round opponent happen to be there. It's odds on your playing badly if you do.

Certainly there are few things more vexing in life than to have an expedition or match that you have been eagerly looking forward to fall through at the eleventh hour.

There are, of course, the disappointments of actual sport, inability to hit a ball straight, empty bag or basket, being overwhelmingly beaten, or, which is just as bad, scoring a runaway victory; but it is the disappointments of anticipation that I mean. Truly the sportsman has more reason than most men to appreciate the poet's lines:

"The best laid plans o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

However, disappointments are but part of the necessary and beneficial discipline of sport.

F. HARDCASTLE.

IN TIME OF PEACE

A TRUE STORY.

By FRANK SCUDAMORE.

This is a true story and I will give the tale as it was told to me by one of the actors.

"Inter-regimental feuds exist in all armies—there are plenty that I could name in England to-day that cannot be permitted to lie together because trouble would certainly result, and belts be employed as arguments. In nine cases out of ten the origin of the ill-feeling is lost in oblivion, but there it is, undying, and must be reckoned with.

"The same principle, I must suppose, held with the black battalions, with whose case I am concerned, though probably the origin of their quarrel was purely tribal in the first place.

"Be that as it may, it was when the two battalions had lain together for several hot, airless summer months near Rosaires, on the Blue Nile, that the trouble culminated one evening after a day of more than ordinarily oppressive heat.

"The British officers of the two battalions were dining together. It was, I think, an old Westminsters' evening, and the grand old school was represented by some half-dozen members, including the Colonel of the 39th. The evening was wearing away pleasantly enough, when to each colonel came a message from his English sergeant-instructor, requesting audience. The two C.O.'s looked at each other.

"There was, however, no time for discussion, much less for decision on the point, for the hubbub of voices in the usually silent lines, which had been swelling during the past five minutes, rose suddenly to a mighty roar; a rushing, as of many impetuous feet, was heard, and a mob of excited, wild-eyed, vociferous black men appeared from out the night in two directions and converged upon the white-spread dinner-table where the officers were seated.

"'What's all this about?' said the Colonel of the 39th sternly to his black sergeant-major, who stood at the salute before him.

"The black sergeant-major set forth his position in poignant language. He painted the family history of the bulk of the men of the 84th battalion, with copious details concerning the morality of their female relations, and ended up by proclaiming the impossibility of any further amity or even peaceable relations between a force so depraved and the high-minded and pure-souled men of the 39th—the 'children,' as he said, with emotion, of his Excellency the Colonel.

"All this time the colonel and sergeant-instructor of the 84th had, with great difficulty, held in check the black sergeant-major of that battalion, but this worthy now broke out in a torrent of invective that wholly eclipsed the eloquence of the first speaker. More, he went one better. On behalf of the whole battalion he called upon their Colonel to lead the 84th against the dogs of the 39th, and wipe that disgrace off the roll of the Khedive's forces.

"'I am ready,' cried in Arabic the C.O. of the 84th, 'to lead my battalion against any foe.'

"'And I,' shouted the C.O. of the 39th, 'will take my men into —— if need be.'

"'Fortunately,' said one Colonel to the other, 'they can't have much ammunition.'

"'Don't count on that, old man,' replied his friend. 'We'll have a tot before we go; and here's good luck to us all.'

"It will perhaps be hardly realised that battle between the two forces was actually engaged within half an hour. The parade ground was selected as the battle-field, and in the short time that the engagement lasted the butcher's bill was more than sufficient for glory.

"But of a sudden the elements took a hand in the game. There was a shrieking of wind, and on the instant the battle-ground was blotted out by a whirling, cutting, staggering blast of gravel, sand, and dust.

"When morning broke the blood feud was forgotten, but there were a few shrouded testimonies to its violence while it lasted."

MY NOTEBOOK.

END OF THE BOTTOMLEY CASE.

On another page we print particulars of the triumphant conclusion of the litigation which that notorious Member of Parliament, Horatio Bottomley, forced upon us.

I desire to take this opportunity of thanking very heartily all those readers who so kindly furnished me with particulars and with documentary evidence of their dealings with this person, as it is unquestionably our possession of such evidence that has caused the ignominious retreat of the enemy.

CHALLENGE TO 'CHINSTRAP'

A Scotch sergeant-instructor writes to me as follows:

"May I be allowed to offer a suggestion to your contributor 'Chinstrap'? Will he kindly write an article and tell your subscribers (I am a regular one) on what he bases the following opinions:

"(1) 'That the importance of cavalry in war has steadily decreased.'

"(2) 'That the infantry line regiment is the backbone of the Army.'

"(3) 'That the R.E. and the A.S.C. are minor arms, compared with the R.A.'

"'Chinstrap' has a happy knack of writing an article on military matters which appeals to Tommy Atkins, because the information given therein is usually chatty, practical, and accurate.

"Your journal, assisted by 'Chinstrap,' has done more than, perhaps, you think, to help in keeping together the Territorial Force, and in printing the article re His Majesty's choice, you have given our little circle food for incessant (though refreshing) argument.

"Now will 'Chinstrap' write us an article, under the heading of 'The Arms of the Service Compared,' and give us just a few arguments to support the above assertions? I think it would interest a good many of your readers, quite outside a clique of Territorial instructors."

COMPARISONS.

When I published "Chinstrap's" article, I mentioned that his views in regard to the mounted units did not correspond with my own, and I feel sure that his opinions, while shared by many, must have been disputed by many others, but in matters of this kind I believe in letting a contributor have his say, and leaving the reader to agree with him or differ as he may think fit.

To ask "Chinstrap," however, to compare the various branches of the Army one with another would necessarily mean offending every soldier except those who happen at this moment to be serving in "Chinstrap's" old regiment, for I am sure he would, as a good soldier, consider his own regiment the one and only.

By the way, I have often been asked to which regiment "Chinstrap" belonged, but, beyond saying that it was an infantry one, I do not think I should indicate it, as his reminiscences might give offence if the subjects of them were identified.

Mr. Frank Scudamore, in his article this week, "In Time of Peace," gives us some idea of the animosity that black regiments have one towards another, and, in a milder form, there is a similar inter-regimental rivalry at home. It is only when you find soldiers of different regiments gathered together and discussing sailors or civilians that there is complete agreement amongst them that all branches of the Army are excellent, though pre-eminent excellence is, of course, reserved for their own particular unit.

And so it ought to be. A man likes his own regiment best, and of that regiment there is one squadron or one company that is worthy of special praise, and that is his own—the others are very inferior. If he is an enthusiastic subaltern, he subdivides even more drastically, and of the excellent company, his own half-company is unquestionably the better half. Were it not for that half-company, the company as a whole would not be so efficient, and the whole regiment would not occupy its pride of place.

Such is the soldier's reasoning, and, obviously illogical though it be even to himself, it tends to enthusiasm, and so let it pass.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

GOVINLASS.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Jason Govinlass rose to address the little bachelor dinner party.

His face, pale at any time, was in gleaming contrast to his dark hair.

He glanced quickly and nervously at the sideboard in the dining-room of his chambers, and noticed that the champagne was giving out, and there were several toasts to come. It was a nuisance, but these youths did not understand economy. Peters would have to be dispatched for more. This little set-out, he calculated, would cost him something.

He turned to the company. He found up a smile and included them all in it. As they said afterwards, Govinlass had almost a generous appearance at that moment, and he whispered that he had not been so extravagant as to have at least three evening-ties in a finally successful attempt to obtain a satisfactory bow.

He did not speak platitudinously. He meandered. He talked of friendships. Some years past. Good men. Ripping evenings.

"Somewhat expensive at times, Guvvy," said a tactless, over-wined one. "'Member night when you said you were hanged if you were going to pay every dirty little cabman in London threepence for shutting the taxi door?"

"Shut up!" "Sit down!" "Go on, Mr. Speaker."

Govinlass continued to look here and again at his watch and to look up between times. Twenty-fifth birthday. Pleased to see everyone present. Sort of farewell supper. Lawyers written him that morning to say that among the things that were to come to him that day was a place in the country that had been his mother's. Only dimly remembered his mother. His father was in Australia. Never wrote to him. He had never seen him.

"Lucky devil," said some possessor of an allowance-dissipating parent.

"And," said the *in vino veritas* man again, "it always the careful blighters, and the chaps who are mean over collars they send to the wash every week, who get left without anyone to keep an eye on their expenditure. Chaps like us are audited like a bally bank."

"For heaven's sake hold your tongue, Tony!" was the substance of an angry chorus.

"Aw ri'," said Tony sulkily, "but Guvvy *does* limit himself to three collars a week, and you know it. Only wish I could be so economical. Go on, old speechmaker. Sorry for interrupting."

Govinlass thanked Tony for his encouragement. Not much more to add. Except that he raised his glass to their very good health.

He drank a little of the sparkling wine.

"No heel-taps," growled Tony.

Govinlass, calculating that drinking their health had cost him the best part of half a crown, obeyed his behest.

An hour later they had gone, and Govinlass, carefully changing his dress coat for his one piece of picturesque artistry, his black velvet with his old college crest over the breast pocket, sat back in his armchair to make an account of what the little spread had cost him.

The rooms were neither homely, comfortable, nor luxurious. No actresses smiled teethily from the mantelpiece. There was a pipe rack, but with no pipes in it. There was a cigar-box with a coaching picture on it set in silver—a present. It was full of cigars. Govinlass hated sitting down and deliberately consuming threepence, and the friends that residence in those chambers brought him could not afford to cultivate a taste for threepenny cigars for which odious "cash" had to be paid, so they owed cheerfully for the eighty-shilling a hundred variety and spoilt their taste for smoking within their means.

His trustees under his mother's will found him the most peculiar of wards. When he had gone down from Oxford, where everyone who was in the legion of the be-tipped sneered at him, they had secured for him first of all a set of rooms, near Piccadilly—rooms that succeeding generations of wards had relegated to the euphonious denomination of "filthy holes," because they were not up to the style of a first-class hotel. Govinlass had found them far too fine or at least too expensive for his taste. So he had come finally to the Cravenette Mansions, where young men of sparsely moneyed leisure preferred eking out a small independence to toil.

Govinlass thanked Tony for his encouragement. Not much more to add. Except that he raised his glass to their very good health.

The credit system and the workings thereof brought him many changes of friends. They were an offensively Bohemian lot, to Govinlass's thinking. They thought nothing of coming in and helping themselves to a man's whisky in his absence, and Govinlass was always having to buy fresh bottles of Scotch to keep up some sort of appearance with the low-minded caretaker who seemed to Govinlass to imagine recklessness, extravagance, and a weekly harvest of empty bottles, the *sine qua non* of a gentleman's life.

Govinlass concluded his figuring and said a few harsh things about Tony, suggesting that he did not care what the wretched farewell dinner he had practically forced on him had cost, did not mind the size of the bill, so long as he did not have to pay—improvident little rat!

And all this was of a young man innocent of ever thinking of such things as accounts and own behalf, much less anyone the settling of them on his else's. Champagne to Tony was a commodity that you had to bother to order.

"A pretty penny," said Govinlass, regarding the total set out on the back of a circular, and went to his cash-box to get out the exact amount.

Had the bill been quadrupled he could well have afforded it.

The cash-box was a pretty sight. A great deal of last quarter's cheque from the lawyer's had not been used. His mother, whom he but dimly remembered as a kindly face in a thick-carpeted, unechoing house, had left him a good income. There was Retterton Hall, too, and this he was to take possession of in the week. It was, said the lawyers, a fine old family mansion, his birthplace, and they had had instructions that he should know nothing of it until the day he was to take up residence in it, according to the terms in his mother's will. In the intervening time it had been his mother's desire that he should "live in London and learn to spend money." Dear, odd, woman! . . .

Govinlass opened the cash-box. He selected the amount of the tradesmen's accounts for the dinner. The gold partition was packed to bursting, and there were several notes; the silver compartment was full of opulent-looking half-crowns.

Govinlass shut up the box slowly, and wrapped the money inside the bills.

He touched the bell for the caretaker.

Peters shuffled up.

"Pay these bills to-morrow when they call for the bottles," said Govinlass. "I hate owing money. You keep the receipts—after you have shown them to me. I don't want to see them again."

Some of the items made him shudder.

Peters hung about.

"Haven't you had enough drink for one night, you old wine-bibber?" Govinlass asked him blandly.

"There's a 'arf bottle of 'ock left," said Peters, sulkily. "The gentleman wot was 'ere afore you ——"

"Hang the gentleman who was here before me!"

Govinlass rose and took the bottle from the sideboard.

"Here you are, you drunken old blighter," he said with a bluff-heartiness that was rather forced.

"'Spose it's only your way, sir," said Peters, and philosophically hugged the bottle to his greasy waistcoat.

Govinlass waved him out of the room, and laughed at his alcoholically serious bow.

He sat looking into the dying embers of the fire and back again at the room strewn with cigarette ends, cigar ash, and empty bottles.

He felt it was time to go to bed. He rose slowly, half walked out of the room, retraced his steps, and got out his cash-box again. He unlocked it, and opened the partitions.

He buried the tips of his long fingers in the gold, moving it about, listening to the musical clink of it. He looked at the notes and the silver.

He sighed happily.

A couple of words were surprised out of his thin lips.

"Funny thing," said he; and again, more emphatically, "What a funny thing!"

He shut up the cash-box. He laughed—at what, he did not quite know.

He yawned and went to bed.

* * * * * *

On the steps of the big door into the Hall, the faded old man had met him as the lawyer had said he would.

"And what is your job?" said Govinlass.

"Butler, sir."

"Been here since my mother's death, haven't you? Caretaker, and taking butler's wages, I daresay."

There was no resentment on John's face. His smile was more than tolerant.

For an hour the new master of the Hall followed the little man in the threadbare black suit through the great rooms.

"I expect," said Govinlass, as they concluded their inspection, "that there has been a deuce of a lot spent on keeping this place in order since it has been unoccupied."

"A lot, sir," said the old man, lifting up a dust sheet. "Even these have been replaced three times throughout the house since——"

He hesitated.

"Since my mother died, you mean," said Govinlass. "Oh, you needn't apologise. The—er—pain of the matter has gone now, John. It's some years ago."

His guide looked at him.

"Gone," he repeated, without emphasis.

"Lawyers are confoundedly extravagant with other people's money," said Govinlass, "but I shall have charge of the revenues now. I should say this place would let for a goodish sum."

"According to what I've heard, you cannot let it, sir."

"No. That's right," said Govinlass, wearily. "I never knew such a fool-will as my mother's. My mastership can only be replaced with the mistress-ship of my wife. Wife, John—costs a deuce of a lot to cultivate a wife, eh?"

The old man smiled gently.

Govinlass watched him as he walked slowly away.

"I shall dispense with you, old sportsman," said Govinlass.

He was sitting on a covered Chesterfield. The air in the great drawing-room was chill, the statuettes looked very cold. His teeth chattered. He touched the bell.

"I must have a fire," he said to the little crooked man. He looked at the great mantelpiece and the big grate. "In some smaller room—tell a maid to light a fire in a smaller room," said Govinlass.

Govinlass decided that the great state bedroom, with its Louis Seize furnishings, the luxurious bed, the gorgeous carpeting, the silken sheets, was something only to be looked at.

That night, at the back of the house, he fixed on a [illegible] apartment. "This will do me," said Govinlass.

He lay awake for some time in the dark. Then [illegible] came to him. He saw the Hall as it had been. He saw vividly those rooms peopled . . . and there was his father. The miserable-looking man, to whom none spoke unless they could not avoid it, was his father. It was the big drawing-room where were the statuettes and the large mantelpiece with the armorial bearings. A servant heaped fuel out of the gorgeous coal-vase into the fire. The little man—how clear he was, although Govinlass had never seen him—said something testily to his wife, that beautifully-dressed, kindly-faced woman. It was plain that she told him that she was not going to economise over the fire. But she turned away sadly. . . .

Govinlass woke up. Beneath him there was a stirring.

The butler's quarters were immediately below; and [illegible] stealing on the soft, luxurious atmosphere of the place—chink—chink—chink-le!

It was unmistakably gold.

How should John have gold to count up? Had he been robbing the house? Selling some of the art treasures?

Again the delicate clinking.

Govinlass rose and slipped on a dressing-gown. The soft, velvet pile of the carpets were an aid to him. He stole down the stairs and peered through the keyhole of the [illegible] room. The table seemed almost covered with money. He tried the door, as the gale that had been rising outside hummed the louder. The catch made a horrible noise. Govinlass retreated to the stairway. He heard the sound as of money being replaced in a box, and then it seemed that the butler emerged.

Govinlass stood his ground. Presently the old man was holding the candle full in his face.

Govinlass shot out a hand and grasped the butler's coat. "Come," he said. "I want to see that money of yours. I want to know where you got it from. How long have you been robbing me?"

He let go.

"Now," said Govinlass, "show me the money."

He half led, half pushed, the enfeebled man into the room he had quitted.

"Buck up about it," said Govinlass.

For a moment the old man drew himself up. The [illegible] features were almost majestic. Then some recollection seemed to dawn on him.

"You, too," he said, quaveringly, "are of a [illegible] disposition. I will show you what I have saved."

He lifted up a strip of linoleum, disturbed two [illegible] floor bricks, and staggered under the weight of a big [illegible]

"There!" he said at last, as he got in on to the [illegible]

He unlocked the box in three places.

He opened it and displayed a coffer of sovereigns.

Govinlass looked at it. Then, banishing the beauty of the sight, the practical side dawned on him.

He seized the old man's wrists and held him.

"You, a butler, with all this money! Just tell me what else you have robbed me of and what you have sold, and I'll let you go for the kicking-out. It would cost me something to prosecute you. You'll go and leave the money."

The old man shuddered in his grasp, a dagger dropped from his tattered sleeve to the floor.

"Let me speak," he said, abject in fear.

"It will have to be something very convincing," said Govinlass. He picked up the dagger and discovered it to be an *objet d'art*, the handle a triumph of some Benvenuto Cellini—doubtless stolen from the drawing-room.

"The money is mine," he said. "I am your father."

Govinlass looked into his face. He cast the dagger clattering on to the deal table.

"Yes—my father," he said presently.

He left him and sat down and buried his face in his hands.

Somehow there came to him now a recollection of what the cash-box in his rooms at Cravanette Mansions was to him.

And the night of the party was with him again—the extravagance of Tony and his familiars, Peters's ideas of gentility.

He could imagine the sires of Tony and company, and the vague ancestors of Peters, who probably through succeeding generations had given away tobacco and stood beer to friends, not when they could afford it but when they had money to pay for it.

(Continued on page 724.)

Only seven days more

The last week for applying for the position at £200 a year—send provisional entry now. Next week is too late.

SATURDAY next, March the 23rd, has provisionally been fixed as the last day for receiving applications for the position at £200 a year offered by the Caxton Publishing Company. Therefore there is obviously no time to be lost by any reader who wishes to have an opportunity of entering for the position, after hearing the particulars of its prospects and its duties. And as sending it does not commit one to anything, we should strongly advise *all* our readers who have not yet done so to send the provisional entry form at the bottom of this page at once before they forget, if only so that they can preserve the right to enter if they wish to do so.

How It Concerns You.

To put the matter personally. Even if you are not at present inclined to compete, you will be wise to send in the form below, because, though it commits you to nothing, it reserves to you the right to send in your entry at a later date, if you should then desire to do so. And, after all, £100 in cash is worth consideration if you do not need the situation.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

HEAD MOVEMENTS.

EXERCISES FOR THE BRAIN WORKER.

As mentioned in a previous article, more or less persistent headache, on which medicine has no effect, is often due to nothing more than weakness of the neck muscles.

The neck being weak, the head is badly carried, the blood supply is unequally distributed, there is constant jarring, and headache is the result.

Head movements are simple, and consist in bending the head backward, lifting and turning the head. But, of course, they can be easily combined with other exercises, and, as always, there is a right and a wrong way of performing these simple movements.

Head bending.

The first illustration shows correct head bending backward.

It is essential that the face should be directed upwards and the chin somewhat drawn in. At all events it must not be poked forward. All the joints of the neck as far as the seventh vertebræ should take part in the bending.

The arms may be stretched during the movement, while the shoulders must be kept well down.

Head bendings must be made slowly and without any jerking.

Head lifting facilitates respiration, and should always be performed in conjunction with the usual breathing exercises.

The head is lifted so as to stretch the vertebræ of the neck. There should be a slight bending backward of the head, but it must not be carried so far as in any way to restrain or impede the breathing.

Head turning pretty well explains itself. Care must be taken that the shoulders are not allowed to move, and that the neck does not bend.

Head turnings may be executed in either slow or quick time.

Simple as these movements are, they are of great value to the brain worker.

The alternate lengthening and shortening of the blood vessels which they produce quickens the circulation through the brain and washes away the waste products of fatigue.

As a mental stimulant head movements are not to be beaten, and will often help a tired man to solve a difficult problem, or to attack his work with renewed energy.

Head lifting.

A LITTLE WINE.

ITS PLACE IN HARD TRAINING.

As I hope my readers know, I am no faddist, and have no sympathy with those who absolutely condemn alcohol in any shape or form.

I agree that in the ordinary way a young man in good health does not require stimulants, but at the present season of the year a little alcohol may sometimes be beneficial, more especially to those in hard training for sport of one kind or another.

Many athletic trainers recognise this, but most of them pin their faith to beer.

Beer has much to recommend it, but many men do not like beer, while to others it is an absolute poison.

Let the man who feels that he wants a pick-me-up, and dislikes beer, try a small bottle of light French claret with his dinner, and I am sure he will be none the worse for it.

A light, sound wine helps digestion and adds to the enjoyment of food, an important consideration.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

A. K. (Bradford).—Were there any truth in your extraordinary suggestion, there would be no children of Israel.

"Yukou."—Thanks for your kind appre... tion. If the thickness of your ankles is c... stitutional, afraid nothing can be done for ... On the other hand, if due—as it may b... rheumatic or gouty tendency, appro... medicine would reduce the abnormality. I... consult a doctor. But why want to wear Hig... land dress when, apparently, you are not a Highlander?

C. D. (Belfast).—Measurements all r... except weight and neck. You will find so... useful neck exercises in this issue. Thanks for kind remarks.

G. H. (Twickenham).—Advise you to consult a medical man for your weak wrist.

"Modern" (Leeds).—You don't say whether you are already wearing a stocking for your varicose veins. If you are not doing so, one would probably give relief. As... ever, the condition is obviously due to the long hours you have to spend on your feet, advise you to consult a surg... with a view to having the veins removed—a simple op... in most cases.

P. M. (Carmarthen).—Exercise is certainly good for rheumatism, but to find a cure, we must know the cause of your complaint, which may be due to errors in diet, ... uric acid, or other causes. Better consult a medical man.

"Mab" (Glasgow).—Fresh air, plain, but nour... food, moderate walking exercise is the best advice I can g... In view of the heart weakness so often left by rheuma... fever, physical culture should be engaged in only with g... caution, and under medical advice.

F. L. B. (Boynton).—Thanks for good wishes. Y... the toes as much as possible. Your friend's measure... are excellent.

I. R. (Atherton).—In this issue I give some exer... which will improve your hollow neck. The condition, how... ever, is so often associated with constitutional weakness that I think you should get a doctor to run the rule over you. I shall give some chest exercises shortly.

"Norddeutscher Lloyd."—We do not care to distin... between the merits of professors of physical culture, but you can rely on any advertiser in our columns being a gen... man.

W. A. M. (Glasgow).—If we knew of an infallible ... for chilblains, we should soon make a fortune. Try tre... them with lard and an infusion of rue, otherwise known herb of grace. We are not sure that we believe in that ma... run of yours just before going to bed.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TWO KIND MEN

By RADCLIFFE MARTIN.

It was a very crowded third-class railway arriage, and an exceedingly stout gentleman, ho occupied the room of two people and whose arcels overflowed from the racks and cumbered e floor, discoursed at large to his fellow-assengers.

"No, I won't 'ave the winder open. raughts is never 'ealthy. Keep snug—that's e idea. My old grandfather lived to be inety, and he'd every winder in his 'ouse ailed up. Some o' you young fellers should ve a bit o' consideration for others. My otter always is: 'Kindness and consideration.' o little kindnesses while you go along the oad of life. Make people 'appy while you've e chance, but never go opening winders without askin' ermission."

The stout gentleman paused for breath.

"It'll pay you, mind. That's 'ow I get made Chair-an of our Parish Council. There was better-off men i' the illage—at least there was men nearly as well off. But verybody voted for me because they knew I'd a kind 'eart nd would never press no one for rent so long as they wasn't ore than a week behind. You young chaps should make 'abit of doing three kind actions every day. You don't always get thanked for 'em, more's the pity. I says to a young girl to-day at market, 'Miss, you've a hole i' your stocking as big as a five shillin' piece,' and jus' because she was flirtin' with a young man she looked savage at me.

"Ello! Wearwash. I get out 'ere. D'ye mind 'anding me them eight parcels from the racks and the tin o' paraffin and that vegetable marrer. Thanks. Now remember what I was tellin' you young chaps—three kind acts a day and you'll be looked up to like me."

Silas Rumbold was in the easy, amiable, impressionable mood which comes from a moderate sufficiency of alcohol.

"E can talk, can Mr. Wiggins," he remarked to the other passengers.

"Wiggins does a lot more kind things for 'imself than anyone else," said a sceptical butcher.

"It'd be a 'appier world if folk acted as 'e said," persisted Mr. Rumbold.

"It'd be a 'appier world if you stopped spillin' tobecco on my breeches."

Mr. Rumbold said no more, but when he alighted at his own station his face shone with the refulgence that comes to a man inspired by a great idea.

"Good night, Missis Steel," he called to a young woman he emerged from the station.

"Good night, Mr. Rumbold," came the answer.

Her footsteps were only just out of hearing when Mr. Rumbold struck his chest.

"A pretty young woman like that oughtn't to be goin' out alone on a dark night like this. It'd 'ave been a kind act to 'ave walked with 'er a bit. But would my missis take it as kind-ness? Wimmen 'ave their little minds. I'll 'ope it's as well I left 'er alone."

He plodded on to the lane and saw the Old Mr. Hedges' garden gate.

"That'll be for Master Jukes to take in themornin'," reflected Mr. Rumbold, "but it might get pinched there. Some o' them fellers 'd take it as soon as look at it. I'll jus' put it inside the 'arden, and then it'll be safe."

He placed the can on a bench just inside the gate and went on his way cheerfully.

He had not gone a hundred yards when he came across young Mr. Steel. He was leaning over a garden gate discussing pigs with Ezra Carter. Mr. Rumbold beamed upon him, for a kindly idea had come into his head.

"Look 'ere, Jim," he said, "if I was you I'd not let a pretty young woman like your missis go alone along the dark roads of a evening. I see 'er just now by the station——"

Jim Steel gave a sudden start and went off down the road at full speed.

"I've jus' got a idea o' goin' about doin' kind actions," explained Mr. Rumbold to Mr. Carter.

Mr. Carter tapped his pipe on the gatepost and ruminated intensely for a minute.

"It's wonderful 'ow drink goes to your 'ead, Mr. Rumbold."

Mr. Rumbold went on his way a little saddened. "They'll understand me better in a bit," he thought. "I 'ope I'll be able to do another bit o' kindness on my way 'ome. I'd like to get three the first day. It'd be a good start."

He paused outside the "King William." A stranger was sitting in a trap there. Mr. Rumbold recognised the trap and the grey mare in it at once.

"Look 'ere, young feller," he said. "You be careful o' that mare. She's blind o' one eye, but that don't matter so much. Only if she meets a traction engine she'll kick the blessed gig to pieces. If you meet one you get out and put a rug over the mare's 'ead."

"Thanks for the tip," said the man in the trap.

"You're welcome. It's a 'abit o' mine goin' about doin' kindnesses."

Mr. Rumbold felt in all his pockets, and as he found he had not a copper in his possesion, he resolved to do a kindness to his wife by not stopping at the "King William," but going straight home.

"'Ello, missis," he said, when he arrived, "I've come straight up from the station 'ere. Didn't stop at the 'King William.' After all, a married man's place is 'ome by rights."

"That means you've spent every farthing you've took to market," said his wife, bitterly. "Whatever made me tie myself up to a walkin' beer-'ouse like you I don't know."

Till bedtime the good lady discoursed on her wrongs, whilst her husband amiably meditated on his own many and great virtues.

The next morning Mr. Rumbold had to go away to a carpentering job on a distant farm, and did not return to Medbury till nightfall. Having received payment for his day's work, he naturally visited the "King William." When he entered, the first person he set eyes on was old Mr. Hedges.

"Aye, Mr. Hedges," he began, "you ought to stand me a drink, you ought. I did you a good turn last night. You'd

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gone and left your milk-can 'ung on the gate. It was just askin' some one to pinch it. So I took and put it on the bench by your bee-'ives, so it was out o' sight from the road."

"You did, did you?" said Mr. Hedges indignantly. "Then I'll thank you to pay me for one 'ive of bees. Farmer Jukes sees that milk-can where you, like a silly fool, 'ad put it, and 'e slipped as 'e got it and knocked the 'ive over. The stings on 'is face was awful. 'E wanted to 'alf-kill me for leavin' the milk-can there, but I tells 'im it was some interferin' idiot. You pay me for that 'ive o' bees or I'll let Farmer Jukes know. 'E's a very violent man, and 'e's got a face swelled like a full moon."

"Now, now, it was a little kindly act," began Mr. Rumbold.

"If you don't pay me I'll tell Jukes; 'e swears 'e'll 'alf-kill 'oever did it, if it costs him five pounds at the Sessions."

Mr. Rumbold trembled. He knew Jukes—a furious giant.

"Look 'ere, I've not got the money, but if you'll 'old your tongue I'll repair that out-'ouse roof free you was talkin' about last week."

After a good deal of grumbling Mr. Hedges consented to a bargain on this basis, and Mr. Rumbold breathed freely.

The next moment Jim Steel walked in.

"'Ello, Jim. Did you find the missis last night."

Mr. Steel's reply was an unexpected blow on Mr. Rumbold's nose.

"Now, now," remonstrated the landlord, "not in 'ere if you please. If you'll come out in the stable-yard, I'll back Jim for 'alf a dollar."

"What's that for?" asked Mr. Rumbold, striving to appear dignified as he sat amongst the sawdust.

"For tellin' lies about my missis. Saying she was goin' off with young Sellers, the station-clerk she was engaged to once, when he's away on 'is 'olidays and she'd only gone to sit with Widder Bates, oo'd got the dropsy."

"I never said nothing of the kind, Jim," declared Mr. Rumbold. "I jus' saw 'er walkin' past the station alone, and it struck me a pretty young woman like that'd be better if she'd 'er husband to look after 'er. So I thought it'd be a kindly act to give you the tip."

"You mean to say you did it out o' kindness?" said Jim Steel.

"Yes, you've been 'itting me under a delusion."

"I'll 'it you under that bench if you do me any more. The missus 'as been talking all day, and she ain't 'alf-finished yet."

"What's all this about, Mr. Rumbold?" inquired the landlord.

"You see," explained the unfortunate man, "I've took it on myself to do three kind acts a day."

"For nothing?" asked the landlord simply.

"Just to 'elp my fellow-men a bit. I only started yesterday, but Mr. Hedges there 'e misunderstood me, and as for Jim Steel——"

"Don't you get talkin' about me or you'll get more than you want," said that fiery youth.

"'Oo's the third you did a kindness to?" inquired Mr. Hedges. "Is 'e dead?"

"Oh, he was a stranger. 'E was sittin' in Mr. Quigley's trap, and I told 'im to be careful 'ow 'e took that grey mare past a traction engine. I may 'ave saved that young feller's life for all I know."

A pint pot flew across the room, followed immediately by the ample form of Mr. Quigley, the cattle-dealer. He gripped Mr. Rumbold by the throat, bumped his head violently against the eight-day clock, and then, deftly turning him round, kicked him into the bar amidst a resounding smash of glass.

"You'll pay for this, Mr. Quigley!" cried the anxious landlord. "I'll 'ave no violence 'ere. You kill your friends outside."

"Lemme know what the glasses cost," said Mr. Quigley, producing a fat leather purse. "I'll pay it with pleasure. Look 'ere, landlord, yesterday I found a mug—as soft a one as ever walked this earth—and I gets 'im to look at my old grey mare. He likes 'er, and offers me thirty pound for 'er. I says, as a favour between friends, he shall 'ave 'er at thirty-five. Well, 'e agrees, so I comes in here to get a couple o' pints to bind the bargain. When I brings him his pint he drinks it up and says, 'Right, Mr. Quigley. I'll pay you the money if you'll first drive 'er past a traction engine for me. There is one down by the station doin' the 'Igh Road there.' There I was. I knowed if I took the mare past the traction engine she'd try to climb a tree as sure as not. I couldn't risk my life even to sell 'er. There was. I 'ad to let that mug walk clear away with 'is thirty-five quid. But I didn't know what meddling idiot'd been giving the game away. Thirty-five quid. Now I've got my breath again, let me get at 'im and I'll murder 'im."

"No, no, Mr. Quigley," interposed the landlord, blocking the way into the bar. "Not 'ere. It ain't legal to kill people on licensed premises. I should lose my licence. 'Ere, Rumbold, you be off out. I've 'ad enough o' your fighting an' tussling round 'ere. If you can't come into a public without wanting to scrap, you'd best stay outside. Off you go."

And seeing the ferocious expression on Mr. Quigley's face, Mr. Rumbold thought it best to depart.

A week later Mr. Rumbold was once more a passenger on the train from the market-town, and he took particular care to get into a certain compartment. Mr. Wiggins was there with a basket full of hens, which blocked the floor, and a roll of barbed wire on the seat.

"I can't put that wire under the seat," explained Mr. Wiggins. "It won't go, and if I put it on the rack it might come down on my 'ead. It'll be all right for you to sit there if you sit careful and take care to get up quick just before the train gives a jerk."

"Does you remember what you was talking about in this very carriage last week?" asked Mr. Rumbold solemnly.

"Somethin' improvin', I'm sure," replied Mr. Wiggins. "I always does my best to spread morals. There's nothing like morals to my mind. They keep folk from pinching your property."

"You was talkin' about kindnesses, and telling folk to do three a day."

"Been my 'abit for twenty years. I done my three to-day. First of all, I bought a pig and I made my lad drive 'er 'ome. There's nothing like 'ealthy exercise for the young, and they'd 'ave charged me sixpence to bring it by cart. Then I told Rogers, the grocer, that 'e'd something sticking to 'is scales when 'e was weighing me my tea. That might 'ave got 'im into trouble, and 'e give me extra weight to make up for it. Then I saw poor old Sol Banks standing alone in the 'King's 'Ead,' and I went up to 'im and said 'ow sorry I was that his son was in prison, and let 'im stand me a drink, just to show I don't run away from folk when they're in trouble."

"I ain't done a kind act yet to-day," said Mr. Rumbold.

"You make a start, young man. It's as easy to do kindnesses as to sup pints, though I fancies that's more your line."

"I'm goin' to do one now," said Mr. Rumbold.

"'Ave you a flask in your pocket?" inquired Mr. Wiggins with pleased curiosity.

"One, two, three," said Mr. Rumbold, planting three blows on Mr. Wiggins' eyes and on his nose. Then surveying Mr. Wiggins' agonised form with intense satisfaction, he remarked to the other passengers: "You can give me in charge at the next station if you wants. I've done a kindness to the 'uman race to-day."

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A HUMAN SKETCH.

HER BABY'S FATHER

By A. M. STEWART.

"I thought things would be different after he came."

The man indicated the little bundle on the woman's lap.

"That the child would draw us together."

The woman's eyes travelled round the poorly-furnished room, then back again to the sleeping infant before she answered: "Why should he? You are not changed."

And there was that in her tone that stung him more than the words.

He would have spoken again, but his reproach seemed to have unsealed the silence of months, and all the misery pent up found expression at last.

"I, too, thought that the child's coming would work a miracle—that you would appreciate your home more—be a better man because you were a father." She laughed with scornful bitterness. "As if such a thing were possible."

Ben Graves's face flushed a dull red. They had been married nearly two years and had drifted little by little apart, but perhaps he had not realised how wide the gulf was until to-day.

Now his wife's words made it plain beyond misunderstanding.

As for her, he had been the lover of her girlhood, he was her baby's father, but wifehood had brought disillusionment to the woman. Love, if it was not dead, was drugged!

He got up from his chair heavily, and sat down again.

She looked at the clock, meaningly, and he answered, coldly, "I'm not going back to the works; I've been sacked."

It was what she had long expected.

Ben was clever, but the reverse of steady, and dismissal had hung over his head like the sword of Damocles for months past.

Her face whitened, but she said nothing, only gathered the child closer to her.

Her action maddened the man.

"Damn you!" he cried. "Why don't you say something?"

She looked at him with flashing eyes.

"I have nothing to say—except that I wish I had given my baby a different father."

For a moment the man looked at her as if he meant to strike her; then he left the room, slamming the door behind him.

The noise waked the child, and the woman hushed it with a lullaby of tears.

Ben, in the days that followed, pulled himself together and tried hard to find another job, but it was the woman who kept the home going, and this did not tend to heal the breach between them.

Then Ben gave up trying—at least, his wife thought so —and with nerves jagged and temper over-wrought she did not scruple to tell him so.

Until at last it seemed as if the child was the only link that held them together.

When Ben found employment at length, the child began to ail, and the village doctor shook his head over him. But Mary kept her fears to herself, and Ben thought her cold, while face and repelling manner was for his benefit.

"Little chap seems better to-day," he said, as he bent over the cot where the child lay asleep before going off to his work; and that afternoon he brought back some toys.

* * * * * *

The grey dusk was giving place to the velvet blackness of night when Ben neared his home.

A neighbour accosted him with that eagerness which the born gossip always evinces in retailing doleful tidings.

"The baby's gone—poor little mite!"

Ben stood stock still, conscious but of one thing; he dared not face his wife.

"She's lying down, poor thing—don't disturb her," went on the woman.

When Ben at last entered the house, it was quiet and much as usual, but the little cot in the corner was too much for the man. He sat down by the table and put his head on it.

So the woman found him, and perhaps because her arms were empty and she wanted someone to mother—perhaps because that little waxen form hushed all resentment—she went to him and put her arms about him with a sob.

His resentment had already fallen from him, as hers had also.

Again they were the lovers of the old days, believing in each other's good points, blind to each other's failings.

"Ben," she said, "we didn't deserve the baby. We shouldn't have quarrelled."

She clung to him, and he could feel her breast upon his, as it heaved with sobs.

"Ben," she whispered, "Let us begin afresh, just like when we married."

And Ben in this moment rose to the occasion, for he made the wisest speech he could have made.

"Dear, you'll forgive your baby's father now that baby is asleep."

Her kiss amid her tears answered.

He took her hand in one of his, and placed an arm about her waist.

Together they walked slowly, with heads bowed, over to the cot which stood in the corner of the room.

Love may be stronger than death, but sometimes death accomplishes what love has failed to do.

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A SHOPKEEPER'S COMPLAINT.

OBSCURING HIS WINDOW DISPLAY.

There is a legitimate grievance which shopkeepers have against a section of the general public, but for which there seems, so far as one can see, no possible remedy.

The particular grievance—for it is not the only one that the shopkeeper has, by a long way—is against the person who is obviously, plainly, clearly, palpably, not out to buy anything, but who, nevertheless, will insist on monopolising a large space of a shop window, on which any amount of thought and care and hard manual work has been bestowed.

Of course, the footpaths are free to all, and one may stand anywhere, for any length of time, on a pavement, so long as one does not cause an obstruction.

The shopkeeper begins to "feel a draught" when some loafer, often quite "respectable" and not a pauper, insists on standing, often with his back to the window, while other people pass by. These passers-by might—who knows?—be attracted by something in the window, if they were able to see it, but much of the window is obscured by the loafer's back.

On wet days especially is this grievance prominent and frequent. People of all classes never hesitate to stand under a shopkeeper's awning for hours at a time, completely blocking the entire window. They are just waiting for the rain to stop, and while they are there the shop might just as well be closed.

The shopkeeper, of course, wants his windows examined, but many people who stand in front of such windows are thinking of anything but what is displayed there. They are killing time, or waiting for a friend, or watching traffic, or merely loafing and dreaming.

If a tradesman puts up a notice asking the idly curious not to stand in front of his window he will run the risk of driving everybody away, for nobody will care to look at his goods if he feels that he is under suspicion of being merely a nuisance and a spoiler of trade.

The problem is a difficult one, but many a struggling shopkeeper would like something done in the matter if it can be done without driving trade away.

A. W.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.*)*

The "Tin boom" is still very much in evidence, notwithstanding the coal strike; but I am warned by those who ought to know that the rise is overdone, and consequently those who have profits ought to take them, and those who are thinking about buying ought to stay their hands at those prices.

The Home Railway market is firmer at the moment of writing after the decided set-back, and I still think the whole list will go better.

Of course the heavy trade railroads will suffer considerably if the strike lasts much longer; but the recovery will be rapid when the strike is ended, and those who buy the London Underground Railways will see no loss worth talking about on their purchases.

The District Railway continues piling up increases, and the outlook for the stock of this "road" could not be better.

The American market is "booming"—presumably on the coal strike—as what is one country's meat is another's poison.

Perhaps the big Wall Street bankers think prices are quite low enough and insist on putting them better, notwithstanding "bear" points.

The news from Mexico about the insurrection is more favourable, and Mexican stocks generally, and Mexican rails in particular, are well worth the attention of the investor at present prices.

The Oil and Rubber share markets are still marking time; but there is a firmer undertone apparent, and I look for higher prices here in the near future.

Mines show little change, but where alterations in [illegible] have taken place they have generally been downwards.

Chartered shares have consistently fallen since the meeting; but they look fairly cheap now at 25s., and speculative investors for the "long pull" should buy a few.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

A. B. (Dundee).—Hold your Districts for much [illegible] price.

G. L. (Glasgow).—Mexican Railway Second Pref. will suit your purpose.

T. M. (Birmingham).—Sell as soon as you can [illegible] without loss.

J. M. P. (Manchester).—Mexico North-Western Railway 5 per cent. Debentures are a good and cheap [illegible] and in time will undoubtedly reach par.

"Speculator" (Bradford).—American prices are [illegible] a little too fast; but ought to be bought on any fall.

"X. Y. Z." (Bristol).—Some Rhodesian shares are getting fairly cheap; but the majority are dear at any price.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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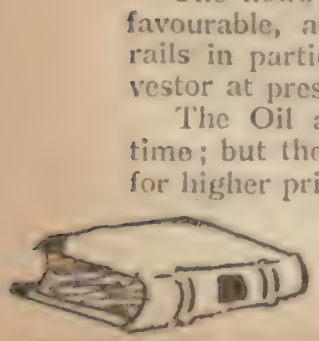

BOXING GOSSIP.

NOTES ON THE DOINGS OF THE BOXING WORLD.

It was a rather uncommon mishap that quite recently spoiled what promised to be a rattling good bout between Esther Palmer and George Moore, a smart boxer from Barking. Some ammonia found its way into Moore's eye, and so impaired his sight for the time that he had to retire in great pain. The contest was, of course, abandoned; but it is hoped that a return match will be fixed up before long.

What is in the mind of Bombardier Wells—or, rather, in the mind of Jim Maloney?—for it is well known that with Billy, "what Jim says goes." It was given out that the Bombardier was sailing for America; but as the date of his projected departure has now gone by, and he has accepted one more British music-hall engagements, there seems to be room—doesn't there?—for a certain dubiousness regarding Billy's expedition across the herring-pond.

It is rumoured that Jean Poesy, who recently beat Digger Stanley decisively (though it must not be forgotten that Digger had practically lost the use of his right) at the N.S.C., is to be matched there against Jim Driscoll, our feather-weight champion. Poesy is a feather-weight himself; and though he disposed of a very good *bantam* in so tough a proposition as Driscoll on even terms as regards poundage. I, for one, don't think he can.

Let us hope that there is no truth in the very strong rumours that Ad. Wolgast, the famous American boxer, is in consumption. His wife is very anxious about his health, and wants him to rest off boxing for a long time.

Charles Ledoux, the French bantam-weight champion, has captured another foreign scalp by defeating Eddie Stanley, of America. Ledoux, who will be remembered as having beaten Joe Bowker at the National Sporting Club, disposed of his Yankee antagonist with a knock-out in the third round at the Elysée Montmartre, Paris.

Johnny Summers has signed articles to box Harry Dunning twenty rounds at 10st. 7lb., at the Liverpool Stadium, on March 14, for a big purse given by the Liverpool Sporting Association.

"Straight Left."

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

ABOUT BIG FOOTBALL TEAMS AND PLAYERS.

Undoubtedly one of the biggest personalities in the football world just now—and likely to be for a long time to come—is Whittingham, Chelsea's brilliant forward. Again, in the match at Stamford Bridge, against Clapton Orient, this remarkable player performed the "hat-trick"—i.e., scored all the goals in the Chelsea team's 3—0 victory. All three were the result of tricky drawing of the defence, proving the young ex-Bradford City man to be one of the brainiest players in the field; and the last two were especially noteworthy efforts, being lightning drives from long range, which reached the net almost before the goalkeeper realised that the ball was near him.

In their match against Queen's Park Rangers at Upton Park, West Ham United made the experiment of playing F. Burrill, an amateur from South Weald, in the centre-forward position. When the end came, and West Ham were returned the winners by 3—0, they could afford to look with comparative equanimity on the experiment, which, to put it mildly, was not a judicious one. Burrill showed very poor form, being very nervous at the start, and afterwards going badly lame, not apparently from any injury, but presumably because he had not undergone sufficient preparation for strenuous work in a first-class professional football team. Indeed, so obviously did the amateur become a "passenger," it was necessary for another forward, Shea, to take his place in the centre.

One of the best games in the First Division of the League was the match at Woolwich between the Arsenal and Manchester City. The Londoner's 2—0 victory was due throughout to the clever tactics of Common, who realised that in Holford, the Manchester City back, he was opposed to a man who is neither so young nor so "nippy" as he once was. Thus the astute Common's tactics were invariably to slash the ball out to the wings, who, with delightful regularity, took it in their stride, and easily got past the backs.

So successful, indeed, were these manœuvres that it was surprising that the Arsenal's score was not bigger. G. K.

MR. F. HARVEY HATCHARD.

Member Institut Stenographique des Deux Mondes, Paris. For many years Examiner in Shorthand to the Newfoundland Council of Higher Education.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

C. M. (Twickenham).—A good antiseptic oil for dressing wounds in dogs is made as follows: Oil of eucalyptus 2dr., olive oil 8oz. Mix, and apply with cotton wool, adding a bandage if necessary and convenient.

A. G. G. (Bolton).—We have explained before that the law permits an unqualified dentist to put up the sign, "Dental Surgery," though he may not call himself "Dental Surgeon." What was it somebody said about the law?

"Square Leg" (Norbury).—Tom Hayward was born on March 29, 1871, and he is a Cambridge man by birth and descent.

R. C. B. (Swindon).—Messrs. C. and G. McKinley, 7, Gresham Street, E.C., are specially good at fitting customers by post. Write to them for patterns.

D. McD. (Peebles).—As your compatriot said, "London is a' verra weel, but gie me Peebles for pleesure."

G. L. (Belfast).—A boxer is "down" when he is touching the floor with any part of his body—feet, of course, excepted—and he is considered to be "down" while in the act of rising.

H. F. (Peterborough).—An Army officer holds his commission absolutely at the discretion of the Sovereign. An officer cannot claim a court-martial, but a soldier can do so should his commanding officer inflict on him a punishment involving any deduction from his ordinary pay.

M. S. (Manchester).—The "surrender value" of a life assurance policy depends on the nature of the policy, number of premiums paid, and so on; but in ordinary circumstances is from 30 to 40 per cent. of the premiums paid, subject, as a rule, to the policy having been in force at least two years.

P. O'C. (Cork).—The immediate cause of the split in the Billiard Association was the passing of a resolution declaring trade and professional members of the Association ineligible to vote at the annual general meeting. Hence the existence of the Billiards Control Club.

T. R. (Sunderland).—It is altogether untrue that Mr. George Edwardes started life as a call-boy at a theatre. Mr. Edwardes is a gentleman of good family, and was studying for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, when chance took him into theatrical management. How do these yarns get about?

B. C. G. (Rickmansworth).—A King's Counsel has to obtain special permission to appear for the defence in any criminal case.

P. C. L. (and others).—For the one millionth and oneth time, tickets for the Calcutta Club Derby "sweep" can now be obtained only through a member of that club.

R. W. (Cirencester), **T. S. E.** (Newcastle), **A. N.** (Dublin), **F. R. W.** (Chiswick), **T. B.** (Warrington), **L. C.** (Lanark), **C. C. F.** (Huddersfield). — Very much obliged.

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GOVINLASS.—*Continued from page 716.*

He realised that in his case the sire had set the [illegible] also. He was glad he was not of that wasteful [illegible] with tendencies that led to penury.

He heard his late adversary speaking faintly. It [illegible] story economically detailed.

Govinlass, Sen., had directed the lawyers to tell his [illegible] that he was in Australia, as it was his intention to stay [illegible] the Hall and see that, so contrary to his extravagant wife's régime, as little money as possible was wasted. When the son, educated to money-flinging as directed, had taken possession, it had been his intention to go. He would at least have stemmed the tide as long as he could.

"But I have seen," the elder Govinlass continued, "that you are indeed my son."

They sat very still for a space, the white head bowed on the scant arm on the table, the younger man seeking to realise.

Presently, from the table:

"Your mother would have hated you as she hated me at the last."

And there was not sadness but triumph in the sentence.

"She was a wasteful woman—but you are *my* son."

Govinlass pulled his chair up to the table.

"You and I could live here," he said.

The old man looked at him.

"There is nothing to say you may not sell the contents of the house. Then——"

"We could do without the servants. We should save their food and their wages. What a waste these must have been all these years."

"For many years. You could stop all that."

"I could let the farm. There is no clause in the will that forbids the letting of the farm."

"Oh, no, there's no clause that forbids letting the farm," the old man echoed, but his eyes were on the cash-box. And now, lifting up one or two pieces—chink—chinkle.

"The money of mine would accumulate," said Govinlass.

His father did not hear him. His fingers moved to the rich accompaniment.

"Thank heaven for this night! Thank heaven for son!" he said softly and simply.

He spoke to the gold.

"And when the time comes, when I shall be dead, you will fall into his hands. He will value you as I have. You will not be thrown away nor wasted by a fool boy."

Govinlass got up and moved around the table, [illegible] thought.

He spoke fancifully.

"When you are dead they will fall into my hands," he said.

As he was speaking, his eye had caught the gleam of the candle on the dagger and followed to the rich high lights on the gold pieces.

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Preparing for Cycling

TIPS TO ENSURE A PLEASURABLE SEASON'S RECREATION.

Naturally, there must be a difference between the preliminary training of the man who is going in for strenuous track-riding and of him who is looking forward to nothing more than long pleasure jaunts into the country. Still, the principles of getting fit and ready are the same in each case, and the first is to go uncommonly easy at the start.

Of course, you may be one of those hardy enthusiasts who ride regularly all through the winter; but, even so, the necessity for taking things easy is as great, if not indeed greater.

Indeed, such a man would be well advised to take a complete rest from riding for at least a week; otherwise it is odds on his going stale.

HARD LEGS NOT WANTED.

Assuming, however, that your machine has been more or less laid aside during the winter, it is as well to take some non-cycling exercise before starting to ride again. Light gymnastics, *moderate* skipping, and walking may be safely indulged in, while the leg and arm muscles should be freely massaged.

Remember, however, that the leg muscles must be kept soft and pliable, indeed, almost jelly-like, and that exercises such as prolonged skipping, which tend to make them hard and stringy, must be carefully avoided.

Your machine must, of course, be thoroughly overhauled before you take it out again, and, whatever you are going in for, your first training-rides should be done on country roads.

It is the greatest mistake in the world for the racer to begin with track-riding; while, if your object is simply recreation, there is no use in starting on the track and then going to the road. In the latter case you should deliberately pick out rougher and stiffer roads than you are likely to meet with later on, the object in both instances being to prevent that staleness which comes of monotony.

WHAT GEAR?

Some riders, when getting fit, like to start with an abnormally high gear, gradually lowering; others begin with a low gear and work upwards to their normal; while others, again, stick to the same gear throughout.

Probably the second method is the best, as there is less risk of overstrain, while one gear throughout provides no change.

Whether you be novice or seasoned rider, restarting after winter inaction, you are bound to be stiff and sore after the first ride or two.

The following is an excellent liniment for stiffness: 1 pint of vinegar, ½ a gill of spirits of turpentine, the whites (only) of four raw eggs well beaten up. It should be thoroughly rubbed in after a warm bath.

In the case of racers, how much road work should be done? Much depends on the individuality of the man and his distance. A month or even six weeks is not too much for some men, while for others a fortnight of road-riding is quite sufficient. For the ordinary pleasure rider a week's practice will probably be enough.

DISTANCE MERCHANTS.

As to the distance to be covered, here again much depends on the rider's individuality. Some men can cover sixty or more miles a day and be all the better of it, while to others this would mean exhaustion and subsequent staleness.

Most men, however, do too much rather than too little, and for the first few days ten to twenty miles will be quite enough, and the cyclist should always remember that the object of training is *not*, as many suppose, to come away from it utterly done up.

After a long ride allow at least an hour to elapse before taking food, and have a complete rest during this time.

When the rider leaves the road for the track, the backbone of his training should be a five-mile daily grind, the last quarter being done at racing speed, occasional sprints also being indulged in.

In distance racing the cyclist, like the walker, must try to work to a time-table, riding at a uniform speed. He must, above all things, make sure of being able to get the distance, and his speed is comparatively unimportant compared with his ability to stay the course.

The Grand National is not always won by the speediest horse, and in a cycle race many things may happen. Victory often goes to the plodder who can keep on pedalling when faster riders have ridden themselves to a standstill.

The cyclist must find the time in which he can get the distance comfortably, and then proceed to lop off seconds and half-seconds, always remembering that he should finish strong.

Similarly, for pleasure riding, you want to acquire a uniform speed and stick to it; otherwise your recreation will be anything but a pleasure.

ALSO GO WHERE YOU ARE LOOKING.

Whether racer or not, beware of getting your handlebars too low, and be sure that you have a clear view to your front and that *you look where you are going*. Simple advice, but thousands of accidents have happened, and will continue to happen, through neglect of it.

Training rides are best taken in the afternoon, and at least two hours after a meal.

So far as possible, the rider should go with the wind. This applies more especially to track and sprint riding.

A cyclist in hard training requires substantial food, but the less he drinks the better.

There is no harm in a little wine, beer, or even whisky with his evening meal, but stimulants should be avoided while actually riding.

It is essential at this period of the year that the cyclist should be warmly clad.

When restarting riding the unaccustomed strain is apt to make a man get into the way of rising in the saddle. This is a very bad fault and must be avoided.

Remember that strength is the cyclist's principal asset, and therefore it is better to be a bit above yourself than to be trained down to a hair's breadth from weakness.

D. H. Manning.

Shorthand.—Readers desirous of learning shorthand easily and quickly, should consult the announcement of the Shorthand Association, which appears on page 723.

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The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

WALKING-STICKS.

With the advent of spring, walking-sticks are in demand. A stick is one of those accessories which help to make or mar a man's *tout ensemble*.

A man may be quietly and correctly dressed, and then go and spoil it all by carrying a vulgar stick—you know the sort I mean, with about half a hundredweight of engraved silver on it.

I have no objection to a smart stick, but it must not be ostentatious, and, if silver mounted, the mounts should be absolutely plain, save, perhaps, for your crest, monogram, or initials on one of them, though really I prefer a perfectly plain stick.

Ebony with a plain silver band is a handsome stick, but perhaps a trifle foppish in a young man, while the malacca cane is best suited to the middle-aged and elderly.

Malaccas are best gold-mounted, and here let me warn you against imitation gold mounts. They are as objectionable as sham jewellery and as easily detected.

Oak, ash, blackthorn are all manly sticks, but for town and carrying with smart clothes partridge cane takes a lot of beating; but, of course, there are heaps and heaps of other nice sticks, and I am thinking principally of the necessity for avoiding vulgar sticks or such incongruities as carrying a bludgeon in Piccadilly.

SWAGGER CANES.

A special word of warning to Territorial readers. Probably you have a regimental riding switch or a "swagger cane" with the regimental crest on the silver end or band. If so, don't carry it in plain clothes.

A swagger cane is an article of uniform, and to carry it in mufti is just as absurd and "bad form" as it would be to wear your forage cap with a tweed suit.

I mention this because I have seen a good many young fellows carrying regimental canes in mufti, and the practice has nothing to commend it.

THE LAW AND THE TAILOR.

I am interested in a case reported in a recent issue of a trade contemporary. A man ordered a summer suit in May, and it was arranged that he should call for the suit when ready and pay for it.

Later he wrote to the tailor, explaining that for certain reasons he could not call for the suit, and asked that it should be sent to him, promising payment.

The suit was not sent, and apparently the matter dropped until November, when the tailor requested the customer to take his clothes and pay for them. This he refused to do on the ground that he had no use for a summer suit in November, and in the result he was sued for the value of the suit.

The Judge, however, held that the plaintiffs had acted unreasonably in keeping the clothes till November, and gave judgment for the defendant.

CAPS.

Caps are larger than ever this season, and at the present rate will soon reach the dimensions of the matinée hat at its worst.

The well-dressed man, however, will avoid these extravagantly large caps, while thin men with small heads should shun them as a matter of personal expediency, for otherwise they will bear an all too palpable and striking resemblance to the youth in a certain well-known advertisement of a particular brand of cigar.

On the other hand, nothing looks worse than a skimpy cap that is too small for the wearer.

Dark caps of one colour, such as blue, should be

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avoided, for they are seldom becoming, and are apt to suggest that you are going to ride in a bicycle race.

Don't stick fishing flies in your cap. Of course, if you live right in the country and really are an angler, there is no harm in doing so, but to wear a fly-decorated cap in town or suburb savours of cheap swagger and a desire to impress people with the idea that you are a great sportsman.

SLEEVE LINKS.

"A. B." (Hampton Court) says he has a pound or two to spare, which he proposes to invest in a pair of sleeve links, and asks my advice on the matter.

Personally, I do not think there is anything to beat plain flat gold links—plain, that is, save, perhaps, for the addition of crest or monogram. Three guineas is a fair price to pay for such an article.

Gold links in the shape of dumb-bells or dumb-bell and ball are also all right, but the latter are open to the objection that the ball is apt to wear the cuff-hole.

Enamelled links with sporting pictures on them I do not care about. They are apt to be as loud as the cigarette-case with the portrait of a ballet-dancer on it. Of course, if you can afford several pairs of links, sporting ones are not out of place with sporting togs, but they are hardly the thing to wear in evening-dress or tweeds.

Jewelled links should be approached with great caution, for it is so easy for them to be vulgar.

Gold links with diamonds or other gems let into them are best avoided.

On the other hand, a whole carbuncle or garnet set in a narrow rim of gold looks very well.

The trouble with such links, however, is that the stone is so apt to work loose and be lost.

I once had a very nice set of carbuncle studs and links, but they all came to grief.

On the whole, I advise my correspondent to stick to plain gold, of medium weight and size, a remark which applies equally to shirt-front studs.

FLANNELS.

Cheap flannels—I don't mean underwear, but flannels for cricket, boating, &c.—are a costly abomination. They don't wash, they quickly turn yellow, and there are more serious dangers.

I remember a brother officer who, although comfortably off, had a penchant for cheap clothes, and one summer he invested in a pair of phenomenally cheap flannel trousers. A little later he and I were playing lawn tennis with two ladies.

In attempting to get to a short return, he had to be extremely acrobatic. He missed the ball, then suddenly dropped his racquet, gave a sort of muffled howl, and bolted into the adjacent shrubbery.

Greatly mystified, I followed him, and found that his cheap flannel trousers had split fore and aft.

To the man who cannot afford two or three pairs of white flannels, I recommend grey flannels of the herring-bone pattern.

Of course, they are not quite correct wear for cricket, but they will serve, and they look neat and wear well.

It is advisable, however, to have two pairs of trousers.

Striped flannels—that is, white with a stripe—should be approached with caution. Unless very carefully chosen they are apt to suggest a seaside serenader, while, again, unless of the best quality, they wash or clean badly.

On the whole, the fairly light grey flannel suit is the poor man's best line in summer flannels, and it is worth while paying a good price for them.

I have a grey flannel suit which has seen hard service for four summers, and is still presentable, but then I gave four guineas for it, exclusive of the cost of an additional pair of trousers.

1000 WE HAVE RECEIVED OVER UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

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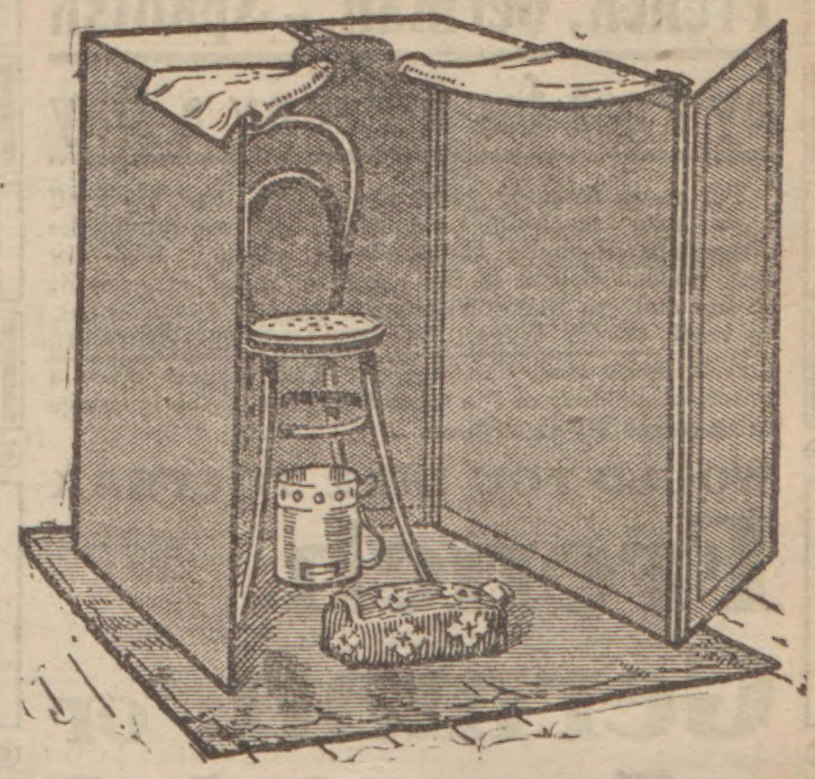
Turkish Baths at Home



The Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet is a portable, foldable Turkish Bath for use in the home, complete in itself, always ready for use, and including the necessary heating apparatus. It is made of durable antiseptic material in our own factory in London. It takes up little or no room. It lasts a lifetime. It can be made ready in a minute in any room in your house. It gives all the benefits to be derived from the public Turkish Bath. Take a Hot-Air Bath weekly in the Gem Cabinet, and you will need no medicine to keep you in condition. All those stagnating poisons which clog the pores and impede the liver, stomach, lungs, kidneys, and, in fact, every part of the body, will be cleared right out of your system in a natural way. Habitual use of the Gem Bath Cabinet makes the muscles supple, the brain alert, and spirits brighter, and the whole feeling is one of wholesome cleanliness, comfort, and content. It is a pleasure you must experience before you can realise it. The **35s.** Cabinet is complete; with powerful three-burner safety stove. Strongly constructed of stout waterproof and heat retaining fabric, it closes to an inch thickness and is erected in a minute.

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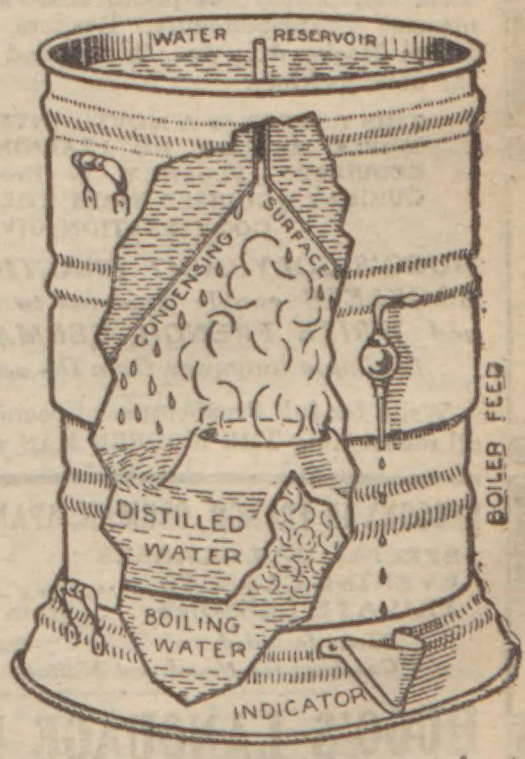
Look into your Kettle.



That limey lining, that muddy mass represents **some** of the mineral impurities of your water supply. The others you have swallowed. According to time and circumstances they induce or aggravate Rheumatism, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Gout, Stone and Gravel, Dyspepsia, and Constipation. They stiffen the joints and blood-vessels, impede the circulation, ossify the body, and so bring on premature old age. The "Gem" Still (**41s.**, post free) is a handy apparatus that makes water absolutely pure. It would be immensely valuable to you. **Still** booklet free on mentioning MODERN MAN.

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